

DUDE

THE MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO PLEASURE • JAN. 50¢

THE IVY PERSUADERS
FEMALE VOICES IN JAZZ
THE PRICE OF FREE LOVE
GREENWICH VILLAGE '63

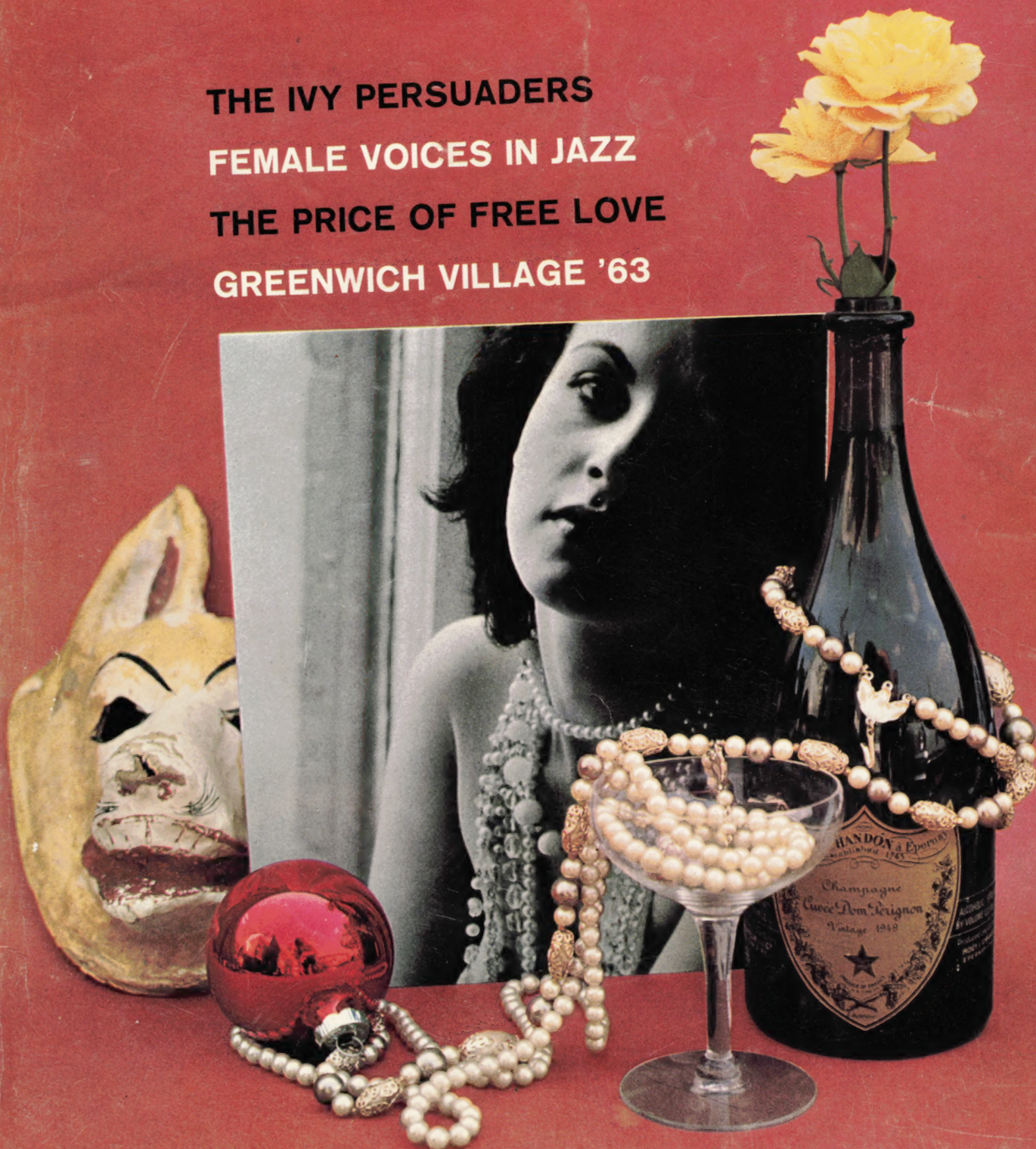






FIGURE by Jon Corbino, Exhibited Chicago Institute of Art, Washington School of Art Collection.

A Lifetime Income—from ART

New art course develops your hidden talent, right at home, under successful artists, for only 20¢ a day... FREE BOOK TELLS YOU HOW!



Trained artists earn \$200 to \$300 a week and more.

If YOU are sincerely interested in becoming a successful artist — or in taking up art as a delightful hobby — you'll want to read our free book *"Art for Pleasure and Profit."*

This colorful, illustrated, magazine-size book tells you how to get started — and how

quickly and inexpensively you can prepare yourself for an exciting and rewarding career, whether in Commercial Art or Fine Art.

Many Jobs Available

Did you know that today opportunities for "Lifetime Income from Art" are virtually unlimited? Commercial Art studios, advertising agencies, industrial firms, department stores, printers, newspapers, magazines... these, and many others, employ artists, and buy free-lance artwork. *"Art for Pleasure and Profit"* starts right out by telling you about the rewards in both satisfaction and money that Art offers.

Top-ranking artists today are making \$25,000 a year and up. Even comparative newcomers make \$200 to \$300 a week and more. And, before they started out, chances are they knew no more about Art than you may know right now.

Which Branch of Art for You?

There are different branches in which you can specialize. Page 2 of our free book tells what they are. Will you make a good illustrator? Are you mechanically inclined, an aid toward becoming a technical artist? Do you have a flair for advertising layout — or a leaning toward cartooning? Perhaps portrait painting?

"Art for Pleasure and Profit" can help you decide which branch may eventually become your specialty. And, more than that, it will tell you what to do about it now.



Exciting work — in your own home or studio

No "Natural Talent" Necessary

If you already have some drawing ability, fine. If not, don't worry about how crude your first efforts may be. Remember that every professional artist started as an amateur, too. Even if you "can't draw a straight line" now — you can quickly learn to draw. As a WSA student, you begin simple drawings at once!

Page 10 of *"Art for Pleasure and Profit"* describes the simple fundamentals of drawing and perspective, basic forms, lights and shadows. It tells how you can start out by drawing simple subjects; and how, almost before you know it, you'll be making complete "still life" pictures, and figure drawings. Too many would-be artists neglect these important basics.



370,000 American firms buy artwork of all types

Who'll Buy Your Artwork?

According to statistics compiled recently, 370,000 American firms buy commercial art, not counting the thousands of individuals who personally buy other kinds of artwork. Page 29 of our free book gives you a "breakdown" of art-buying sources.

Actually, there are opportunities all around you — opportunities to turn artistic ability into a steadily increasing income. Page 33 of our book gives you the "inside story" about lots of people who have done just that. Inspiring human stories, filled with sound career ideas. In their own words they tell of their success in all branches of Art, about exhibiting their paintings, and about the good money they're

making. Yes, once you've begun to establish a reputation in Art, many profitable commissions will be offered to you.

Are You Sincerely Interested?

If you are genuinely and sincerely interested in becoming an artist, and are old enough, let us mail you a free copy of this 36-page book. It tells how we can prepare you, in spare time — right in your own home — for your favorite branch of Art... at a cost of only 20¢ per day! And it also tells how you can enjoy art as a splendid recreational hobby — a relaxing and gratifying pastime, an immensely satisfying chance for self-expression.

There is no obligation, and no one will call on you. We simply want the book to go only to those who are truly interested... and to whom the new Washington School of Art Home-Study Course may eventually mean as much as it has to the men and women who have already enrolled.

Mail Coupon Today

Ask yourself: "Am I really interested in 'breaking out' of my day-after-day rut? Do I really want an absorbing new interest in life? A lifetime income from art?" If you answer "YES"... then why delay? Mail the coupon today—right now, while your mind is on a brighter future!

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Studio 271, Port Washington, N. Y. (Established 1914.)
"The School That Gives So Much for So Little"



Our Comprehensive Course Covers ALL these Branches of Art:

Oil and Watercolor Painting
Commercial Art and Layout
Illustrating
Cartooning
Fashion Illustration
Figure Drawing
Fine Art
Television Art

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART Studio 271, Port Washington, N. Y.
(Chartered by N. Y. State Dept. of Education)

Please send me — **FREE** — your new 36-page illustrated book, *Art for Pleasure and Profit*. No salesman will call.

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

City..... Zone.....

State.....

☐ If under 18, check here for Booklet "A."



SOUND ON

Jon Hendricks normally earns his bread as the middle third of the unusual Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan trio. This group has been leaving a progressively deeper imprint on the jazz world with its vocal renditions of instrumental arrangements. L,H&B don't just sing "scat"—nonsense syllables—they make up words, sometimes humorous, often clever, always intricate, to the complex riffs of sax, trumpet or whatever.

In **Fast Livin' Blues**, Hendricks takes a busman's holiday from the L,H&B trio and demonstrates his tremendous talent as a soloist. He mixes up a little scat and a lot of straight blues—most of them original; all of them exciting. (Columbia 8605 s).



Two other blues records, both quite different and both quite good, have also been released this month. **My Hour of Need** is Dodo Green's very solid rendition of a variety of standards, and Lou Rawls **Sings Stormy Monday** in a very individual way on Capitol 1714 s.

With Billy May and his orchestra providing the dubious background, **The Hi-Lo's Happen to Folk Songs**. Better they should happen to rock 'n' roll . . . or chipmunk songs . . . or smog; because their belated arrival on the folk scene must surely signify its first gasp of death. Their "reaching into 'outer space' ", as the notes declare, is really an effete travesty of a healthy and virile musical form. This kind of treatment usually indicates that

a popular singing style is in its first significant stage of decay. Too bad it had to happen so soon. (Reprise 6034)

RCA Victor's Soria Series, as you may already know, is an exciting new adventure in sound and sight. Each release combines a fine recording with a handsome and sturdy cover, and a beautifully printed booklet brightly decorated with four-color prints. The newest Soria recording is the Boston Symphony's version of Darius Milhaud's "La Creation du Monde" and "Suite Provencale." The first piece is Milhaud's conception of Genesis as he sensed it during a brief stay in Harlem in the twenties. The music, naturally, is replete with jazz harmonics. The less complex and pretentious "Suite" is based on folk themes that the composer learned in his native Provence (2625 s).

Bossa Nova is a Brazilian term for "new sound" or "new wave," or what you will. It's also the title of two new records in the Reprise catalogue; one features Barney Kessel, the other Shorty Rogers. Rogers' jazz interpretations of samba rhythms (6050) and Kessel's fine guitar adaptations of old jazz favorites (6049) are good.

In **Up The Potomac Without a Canoe** satirist Mark Russell goes to work on everything from President Kennedy to the Administration to the Democratic Party. What else, after all, is there for a good political comic to lampoon these days? Well, Russell does reserve a few jibes for the lunatic fringes, as well as one comment about Sen. Goldwater that hasn't yet made the rounds. They're making a movie, he quips, out of the Senator's book, **Conscience of a Conservative**. Of course, it will be a silent film. (Columbia 8572 s)

If you fondly remember the fantastic singing range of Yma Sumac, you might enjoy Miriam Burton's rendition of **African Lament** (Epic 26011 s). The record attempts to portray in music some of the growing pains of the struggling continent, but apart from its programmatic content, the sounds are weird and often compellingly interesting.

In Brief: One of the most exciting additions to the Victor catalogue is the Juilliard String Quartet's new version of Beethoven's "Quartet in C-Sharp Minor" (2626 s) . . . and another chamber music event worth noting is Milstein's rendition of four of Vivaldi's lesser known concerti (Angel 36001 s). "Bach and Scarlatti in their dancing shoes" aptly describes the Capitol recording of "The Good Humored Ladies" and "The Wise Virgins" (8583 s) . . . while Andre Previn gives his fingers an impressionist whirl with the **French Piano Music** of Poulenc and Roussel (Columbia 6346 s). Angel has produced a very handsome collection of **Spanish Song (s) of the Renaissance**. Victoria de Los Angeles sings with the accompaniment of the Ars Musicae Ensemble (35888).

Travis on His Own is evidently Travis Edmonson's first recording since splitting with his partner (Bud and Travis). His style is virile and individual, and his choice of songs is tasteful (Reprise 6035) . . . You can have some fun with the latest collection of **Irish Drinking Songs**. They're sung by Patrick Galvin on Offbeat 4022 . . . **Almost Authentic Folk Songs** is one way of describing a collection of originals in the folk vein. The singing, by Dolan Ellis and the Inn Group is pretty good anyway (Reprise 6038). Another delightful re-pressing has been made of the "late, great" Jimmie Rodgers, this one called the **Country Music Hall of Fame** (Victor 2531).

DUDE

THE MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO PLEASURE

SOUND ON — <i>music</i>	4	
ADVICE . . . FOR CONSENT — <i>reader's service</i>	6	Moana
HUE AND CRY — <i>correspondence</i>	7	
A GENERATION OF SHEEP — <i>article</i>	8	Morton J. Golding
HARD DAY AT THE AGENCY — <i>fiction</i>	12	John Phipps Baker
MOVE OVER, VIRGINIA — <i>satire</i>	15	Stanley Paley
BETTINA — <i>pictorial essay</i>	18	
HAPPENINGS ARE STRANGE THINGS — <i>article</i>	23	Bill Kilpatrick
ARRIVAL — <i>fiction</i>	25	John F. Murray, Jr.
THE PRICE OF FREE LOVE — <i>article</i>	28	James Collier
LOVING GAS — <i>humor</i>	32	Ronald Spillman
SWEDEN'S SWEETEST — <i>pictorial essay</i>	36	
VILLAGE '63 — <i>article</i>	40	Nicholas Breckenridge
LADY'S CHOICE — <i>fashions</i>	45	Martin Bayer
MISTLETOE AND IVY — <i>humor</i>	50	Mort Gerberg
ANGRY YOUNG WOMAN — <i>pictorial essay</i>	55	
MAD HATTERY — <i>pictorial humor</i>	60	
NEW VOICES IN JAZZ — <i>article</i>	62	Gene Feehan
BEDLAMI — <i>humor</i>	67	Howard Kandel
CHECKMATE — <i>gifts</i>	73	

Permission is hereby granted to quote from this issue of this magazine on radio or TV, provided a total of not more than 500 words is quoted; credit must be given to the title of the magazine as well as the statement "copyright 1962 by Mystery Publishing Co., Inc."

THE DUDE, Vol. 7, Number 3, January 1963. Published bi-monthly by Mystery Publishing Co., Inc., 505 Eighth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y. Telephone: Pennsylvania 6-9400. Entire contents © copyrighted 1962 by Mystery Publishing Co., Inc., Advertising offices: 505 8th Ave., New York 18, N.Y. Second-class mail privileges authorized at New York, N. Y. August 25, 1958; additional entry Rockville, Md., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second-class postage paid at Rockville, Md. All rights reserved as to the entire contents of this issue. Single copies, 50 cents. Subscription rates: Six issues in U.S. and possessions \$3.00; 12 issues, \$6.00. Return postage should accompany unsolicited manuscripts and pictures; the publisher, although he will take reasonable precaution, can accept no responsibility for the return of photographs and stories. Any similarity between people and places mentioned in the fiction and semi-fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. Printed in U.S.A.

Credits: Front cover by William Rotsler/Vista; back cover by Don W. Jones/Globe.
Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation



Niel Lathan EDITOR
Garret Eisenberg MANAGING EDITOR
Chuck Harris ART DIRECTOR
Dina Moore CIRCULATION DIRECTOR
Michael Wiley PRODUCTION MANAGER

ADVICE... FOR CONSENT

by Moana

HOW TO KISS—AND HOW!

If you, like the African and Pacific Aborigines, prefer to preface your lovemaking by blowing into the ears of your (soon frustrated) female friends, as a poor substitute for kissing, you can stop reading right here. You're just as bad as those cold Eskimos who don't even have a word for it. The ancient Romans (the younger ones too) did give it a name—*osculation*—and they osculated like crazy. However, to most American male types it remains just plain kissing.

And that may be your trouble, lover—*plain* kissing.

The modern kiss is unfortunately still not fashionable in a whole one-third of the world, including practically all of the Orient, where lovers haven't yet learned to indulge in the thrilling bliss of a buss on the lip. (We might except those areas where American armed forces came, thawed and conquered.) But chances are that the kiss is popular wherever *you* are at this moment. The fact is that even sundry lowlifes such as

(other) big apes practice it; and that it *is* also for the birds.

Health buffs may be averse to the pleasures of the process on the ground that it exchanges all kinds of migratory microbes, especially when there is moistly indiscriminate tongue turnover. There is no denying that the admittedly unhygienic kiss *does* lower one's physical resistance.

But possible tongue-termites are not a real threat, pet. The European oral sexperts have proven that the way to immunize oneself is to be a constant carrier . . . of kisses. Grant, then, that germs are no problem. The trouble with your kissing may simply be that *you don't know how to kiss*.

Ben Hecht maintains that "the lower lip is for crying, the upper lip is for loving." This situation, however (and the mouth), should be investigated. To the suave European, love-making—whether in passing or in passion—is impossible without the kiss. The kiss is the most important part of any kind of love making.

That is, it should be.

No man nowhere can be an adequate lover who does not know how to kiss; who does not deeply enjoy a moist, voluptuous, hungrily seeking female mouth—and give *in kind*.

Any kiss can start out one way and run the gamut, from the desultory peck to the intense and prolonged, erotically significant, oral envelopment. Usually it is accompanied with byplay of lips, teeth and tongue. If there is any single caress which unites two people into one, it is the give-and-take of a certain specific soul-absorbing kiss. That is, the kind which leaves very much to be desired—namely, the rest of her.

(There still is a controversy among prudes as to whether this type of kiss, in its most intoxicating state, should be legal in *any* state except the state of matrimony.)

Kissing might easily be classified according to intent as well as intensity. It must be rigorously, vigorously specific. You've got to keep it in tune with whatever else you've got in mind. Mood, timing, procedure must be just right or it turns into a banal farce. To pretend interest, to synthesize, to give mere lip-service to a passion kiss makes it thoroughly detestable to the kissee.

Almost as bad is the over-eager, amateurish smack which, like a glob of gluey fondant, contains too much substance and too little imagination. On the other hand, a potential kisser will wisely avoid champagne and suchlike dry wines which have a decided puckering effect.

It can be, darling, as you surely are beginning to realize, a most unnerving beginning to any evening or any affair, when you don't know the art of kissing. "It is easy to make love," says the fiery Italian, the hot Spaniard, the practiced German, "but to kiss, to *really* kiss, is the most difficult of all stages of love."

See what I mean?

If you do see, darling, you will hereafter approach kissing as less of an impulsive act and more of an applied science. Most important of all, you will *practice* at every opportunity. And then? Why, you too will join that select community of kiss-comminglers who are to be commended for their consistent, combined efforts to form a more perfect union. Of the lips. And who knows what else?



Moana, born in Tahiti and bred in Paris, has lived little (she's just reached the age of consent) but learned much. Her comments on why it's fun to be a female in a world of males—and vice versa—will continue in each issue. Readers' questions and remarks are welcomed. A select few will be answered in Moana's column.

Dear Dude:

On page 37 of your September issue your writer, Fredric Brown, gives **ailurophobia** as "fear of cats." There is no such word, but this spelling is lamentably widespread in this country. The right word is of Greek origin in which there is no **ai** but only **ae**. The correct word for fear of cats is **aelurophobia**.

Anyhow, who's afraid of the big bad pussy?

Glendon A. Schubert
Syracuse, N. Y.

Ed. A deep bow both to Mr. Schubert's erudition and to his *savoir-vivre*. But the office dictionary assures us that both spellings are correct—and author Brown's is preferred. Try us again.

Dear Dude:

In your July issue appears the article written by Gary Jennings entitled "The Kama Sutra." I am in possession of this particular book myself, and since your article friends have been interested in purchasing same from me. I am most anxious to know what value the book enjoys. Would you let me know whatever you can about this?

I felt the **Kama Sutra** article well worth everyone's time. Mr. Jennings has deep feelings for his fellow men! I shall remember to watch for further works of his!

Sincerely,
Marjorie C. Britt
Albuquerque, N. M.

Ed. Author Jennings reports that he wouldn't part with his copy for any price; that in his opinion its value is "inestimable." In return for Mrs. Britt's gracious compliment, he proffers the advice that she refuse all bids for this almost-impossible-to-procure work of erotic literature.

Dear Dude:

What kind of idiots are printing this damnable magazine? In the September issue you printed a cartoon. Pictured was an automobile resting crumpled against a tree. Lettered upon the rear of the vehicle were the words "Better Dead than Red." Obviously the passengers in the vehicle had deceased. Therefore you are implying the opposite of the inscription, the familiar "Better Red than Dead."

How this could be printed in any good American magazine I don't understand. Tell me, Mr. Editor, is your next cover going to be "pink?" You won't print this, but your reading it was the purpose of the letter.

G. R. H.
Tarrytown, N. Y.

Ed. The sole purpose of **Handelman's** cartoon was to elicit a laugh. Obviously it more than fulfilled its purpose: it elicited G. R. H.'s letter, which provided the biggest laugh we've had in weeks.

Dear Dude:

The September issue of **Dude** is the best I've seen in a long time. Two elements stand out, at least to me. One is Gene Feehan's perceptive appraisal of Carl Reiner, and the other is Dennis Lynd's piece of fiction, "The Procurer and the Poet." Both show talent, I would say, definitely.

Also liked Gene Lees on "The New Cult of Personality;" let's have more from him. And Fredric Brown is tops.

But, even though I'm a woman, I don't dig your issue's selection of cheesecake. Even my husband doesn't react. Can't your photographers do better?

Sincerely,
Nan Flecker
New York, N. Y.

Ed. We've checked out the photographers and they're fine. Now about your husband's not reacting . . .

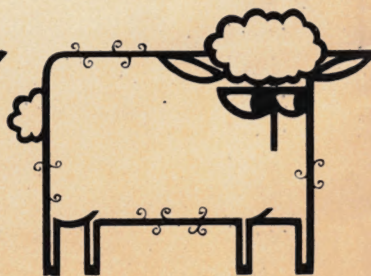
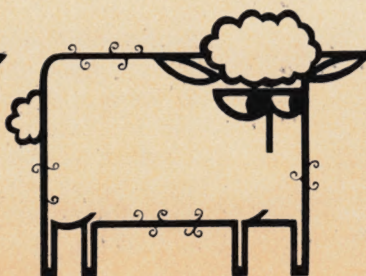
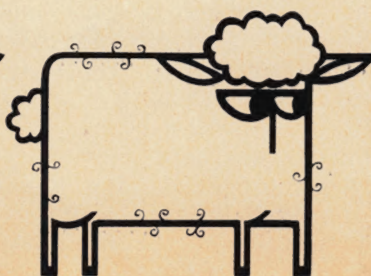
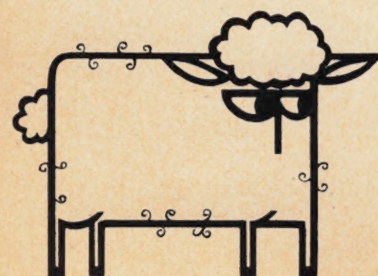
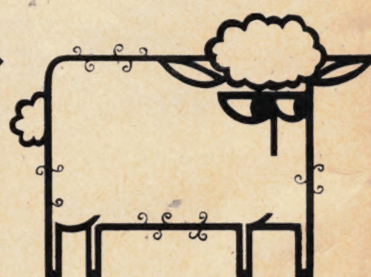
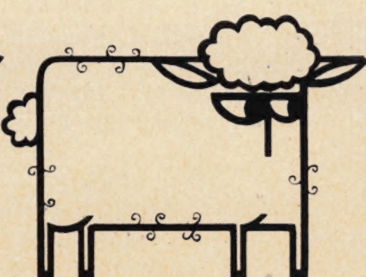
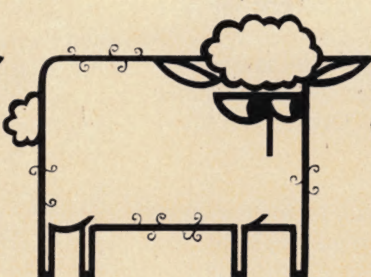
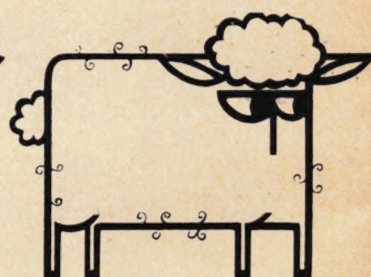
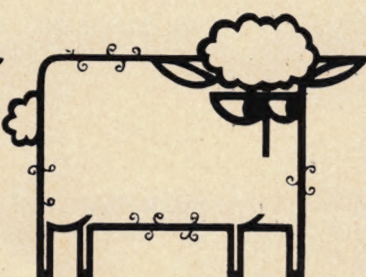
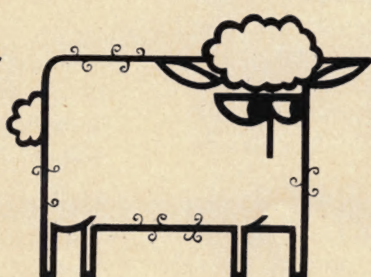
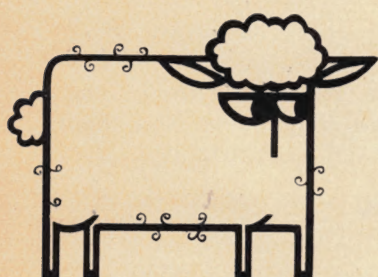
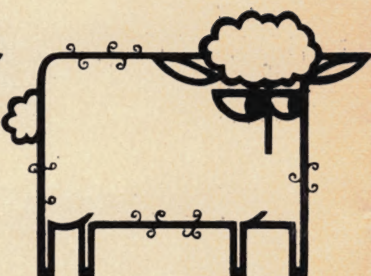
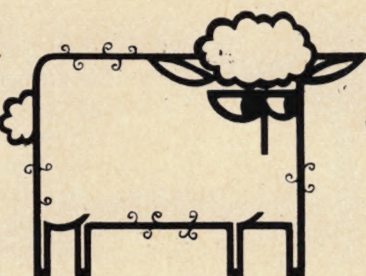
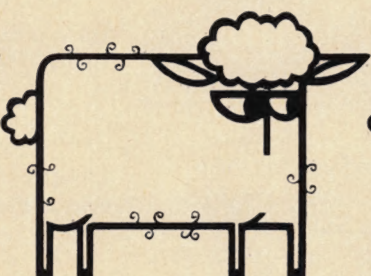
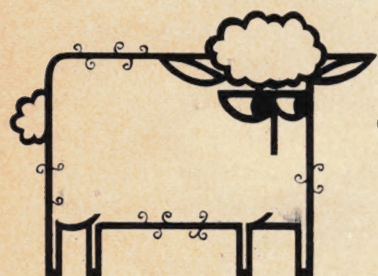
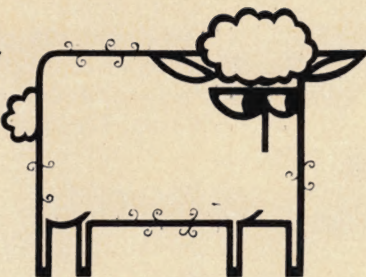
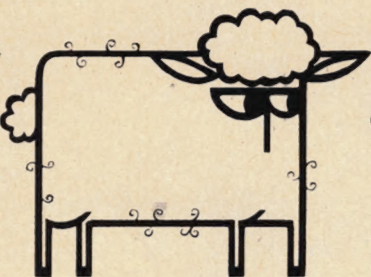
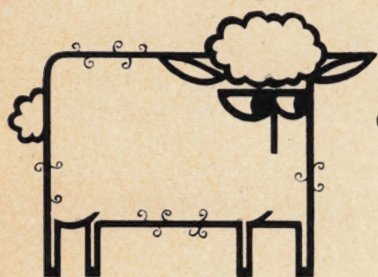
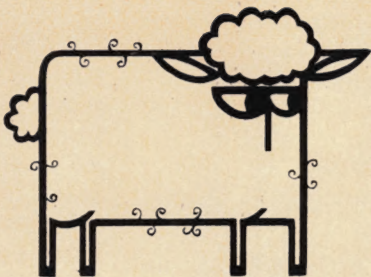
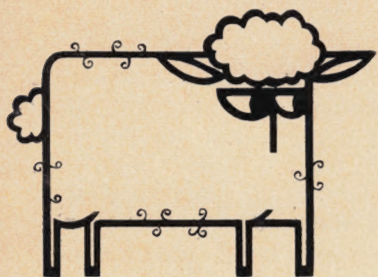
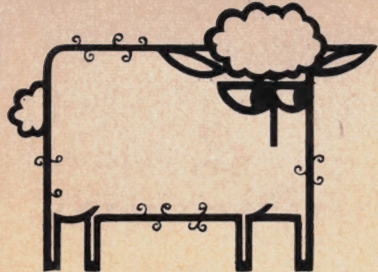
Dear Dude:

As a happily married, moderately successful advertising man who happens to work on Madison Avenue and live in Westport, Connecticut, I resent the slur on me, my wife, my profession and my home town implied in your photographic essay "Abou Ben Adman" in the September issue of **Dude**. Though you apparently thought it funny, I'd suggest that that one should have been run **down** the flagpole, because the only salute it rates is the time-honored one where the thumb is held to the nose and the fingers waggled.

D. B.
Westport, Conn.

Ed. Honest, we wouldn't have printed it if we'd suspected that anybody from Madison Avenue could read.





article by Morton J. Golding

**THE CAMPUS HAS BECOME
THE STALKING GROUND
OF THE IVY PERSUADERS.**

They are after you!

They are hunting you down the corridors and classrooms of Old Main, through the open stacks of the library and over the tree-lined paths of the campus itself.

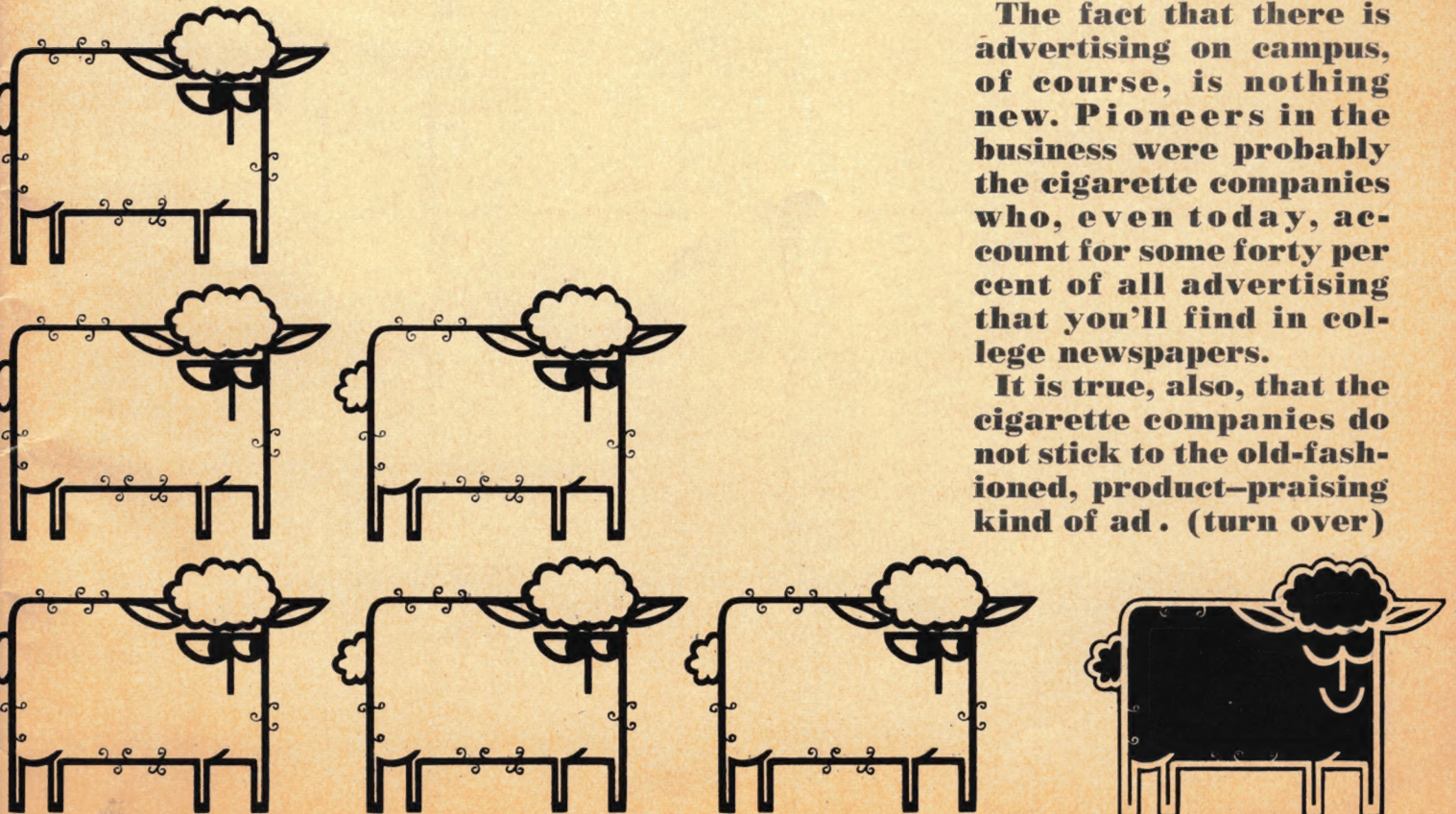
Indoors or out of doors, there is no hiding place!

Who are these implacable hunters who go after their quarry with all the swift obstinacy of an anti-missile missile?

They are Madison Avenue experts, reaching out their long arms to the college campus in order to part you and your classmates from your money in as efficient and painless a manner as possible.

The fact that there is advertising on campus, of course, is nothing new. Pioneers in the business were probably the cigarette companies who, even today, account for some forty per cent of all advertising that you'll find in college newspapers.

It is true, also, that the cigarette companies do not stick to the old-fashioned, product-praising kind of ad. (turn over)



a generation of sheep

They employ personal representatives, and some brands run contests aimed at what they consider the college man's special fields of interest. Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company, for example, announced that they were giving away eight British sports cars during the 1961-62 season.

But, lately, a new kind of advertising has reached the campus that does not confine itself to the usual forms of ballyhoo. For instance, you may be walking along, one day, when you come face to face with Phil Phulback, the hero of the football team. And by the time you know what hit you, he'll be trying to sell you the shirt off his back.

Or, at least, it will be another model of the shirt that you can pick up for a reasonable price at the Collegiate Brothers' Clothing Store, located only a few short blocks from the college.

Phil, you see, is an authorized representative of the shirt-maker. He is using whatever prestige football players have nowadays in order to get you and any other student he comes in contact with to buy a shirt.

This is not an imaginative description of something that may happen in the future. It *is happening*, right now.

In hundreds of colleges and universities, football stars, student council members, fraternity and sorority presidents and other so-called campus "leaders" are wearing articles of clothing, not necessarily because they like them, but to convince as many other students as possible to wear the same thing.

You doubt this? Consider for a moment. Collegiate fads have to start somewhere. There has to be some reason that a certain style of shoe or the identical jacket will suddenly appear on widely separated campuses.

At first glance, it all appears accidental. And sometimes it is. A certain product "catches on" and becomes a kind of uniform. Everybody wears it because nobody wants to be left out.

To the students themselves, the whole thing may be a kind of joke. But not to the man who produces the product. If the fad goes on, he may make enough dough, that season, to retire for life.

For whether you know it or not, the college market is a potent and

growing economic force. Today, there are over 3,500,000 young men and women enrolled in colleges and universities. And by 1970, that figure may double. When a sizeable percentage of these kids all start buying the same thing, a manufacturer's eyes start lighting up in large neon dollar signs.

With all this money at stake, it's not surprising that some producers aren't content to let fads start up all by themselves. That would be a wasteful process which would allow kids' energies to dissipate in such uneconomic pursuits as swallowing goldfish or piling into phone booths. How much better for the economy to guide them into channels where they'd spend their money on the right products.

Now, a new actor enters: The promoter who aims his talents directly at the college and teen-age market.

There are many ways to do this. The simplest method of all is used by cigarette companies who hand out small sample packs to up-and-coming young smokers, hoping to hook them on a particular brand. But the newest, most effective and most controversial method is based on the tried and true principle of follow the leader.

The reason that a fad gets started in the first place, this theory runs, is that all young people like to imitate. One does something and another follows; a third will probably chime in. Let the ball get rolling fast enough and a fad will be under way.

But who are collegians *most apt* to imitate? This theory has it that there are certain natural leaders who, being more popular and admired than other students, are likelier to be followed. If some grubby intellectual forgets to cut his hair, for instance, or grows a beatnik beard, he'll simply be written off as an oddball. But let a campus personality kid do it and half the school may show up in class with long haircuts or untrimmed chin spinach.

To begin a fad, therefore, a manufacturer or his promotion man should place as many "leaders" as possible on the payroll. Has the manufacturer a peculiar style of sweater or a new sport shirt? Let a few football stars wear the article and soon everyone else will, too.

That the theory works, and works effectively, has been proved in test after test. It is so effective, indeed,

that some thoughtful advertising men are already worried about the ethics involved and comparing it to the "subliminal" techniques that were so controversial a few years ago.

The subliminal method, if you remember, depended on fleeting exposures to an idea or product. A name might be flashed on a movie screen with such speed that it would register *below* the level of consciousness, but would still influence you on that unconscious level.

In other words, your psyche would be promoted, even though you not only wouldn't be aware of it, but would sincerely believe that the idea was your own.

This "Big Brother" technique has since died out to the cry of public condemnation. But is the organized production of "spontaneous" college fads simply a new form of subliminal control?

This suggestion is hotly denied by the college promotion men. "This is definitely *not* subliminal," they claim. "It is simply another kind of advertising. We are trying to fool nobody."

To get the viewpoint of the men who may have such an influence on the social life and buying habits of 3,500,000 college students, I visited the offices of the largest and oldest of these firms, Gilbert Youth Research, Inc.

This company not only starts more fads than any of its rivals, it conducts polls and even produces a newspaper column, *What Young People Think*. It has offices in New York, Chicago and Sydney, Australia; while full-time representatives work out of New Orleans, Atlanta, Houston, Dallas, Detroit, Denver, Kansas City, Washington and Boston.

The president and founder of all this activity is a hustling but friendly 35-year-old named Eugene Gilbert who works out of an attractive New York City headquarters that seems dominated by large, abstract paintings. Gilbert has been in the youth marketing field since 1945, and, in 1957, found time to publish a textbook, *Advertising and Marketing to Young People*, which may well be the definitive work on this subject.

If there is one thing that brings a look of annoyance to Gilbert's eyes, it is the suggestion that he is involved in *any* kind of subliminal hi-jinks:

"We are not trying to take anyone

in," he says, firmly. "I have too much respect for the mentality of college students to do that. The average student will be quick to find out if anyone is playing him for a patsy.

"Our 'student leaders' are paid agents. But they do not try to fool their classmates or implant ideas in their heads by misdirection. They approach fellow students and, if asked, they can even say that they work for the company."

According to Gilbert, his operation is simply an extension of the college store which advertises and promotes all sorts of products on the campus.

Far from taking advantage of students, in fact, Gilbert feels that he must be constantly on the alert or students—especially his leaders—will not hesitate to take advantage of him.

College students, he points out, counterattacking bluntly, are notorious for the tricks that they play on promotion-minded companies. If a cigarette company, for example, hands out a thousand smokes to a campus hero so that he, in turn, will spread them around the college, they are lucky if at least half the cigarettes don't end up in the hands of said hero and one or two of his friends.

To keep this kind of hanky-panky from happening to his clients, Gilbert has instituted what he has termed a "C.I.A." system and which, to at least one observer, seems as "Big Brotherish" as anything else in the scheme.

In a given college, for instance, ten students may be chosen to wear shirts produced by one of the many companies on Gilbert's client list. Over a three-week period, each student is required to talk about the shirts three hundred times (or make three hundred "impacts" as the firm likes to term them).

An instructor, also on Gilbert's payroll, checks the number of impacts. This is all done openly. The leaders report to him, regularly. But there is also a man that the leaders do not know: A post-graduate student who acts out the part of the C.I.A.

It is his job to see that the impacts are spread out over the three-week period and not all jammed into the first day.

Gilbert insists that his students wear the product not only for a certain number of days, but only on the particular days he wants them to. This way both the exposure and the impacts can be controlled. The post-

graduate man quietly checks to make sure that instructions are being followed by all hands.

In addition to this, an outside Gilbert employee may visit the campus unannounced in order to make sure that everyone—including the C.I.A. man—is doing his job.

For Gilbert to be satisfied, all reports must jibe. "I've been in this business a long time," he says. "And I know the tricks that college students are capable of. I wouldn't be fair to my clients if I didn't have a system of double and triple checks."

If nothing else, Gilbert's success proves that while college kids may be able to pull off panty raids and occasionally cheat cigarette companies, they haven't been able to fool him.

He has an imposing list of satisfied clients and has started a number of otherwise inexplicable fads including the beefy brogue type of loafer shoe

and the acceptance of the Perry Como style sweater.

His operation is going strong in hundreds of colleges and universities from coast to coast, each with its quota of student leaders. These are all friendly, out-going types, well-known on campus, who are presumably delighted with the equivalent of about \$1.25 per hour that they are paid in both cash and merchandise.

There have been suggestions, however, that parents and faculty might not be so delighted. There is, for example, that nagging moral question about the propriety of playing on hero-worship. It has also been asked how the so-called student leaders are going to explain that they wear what they wear because they are paid for it.

Gilbert dismisses these and other objections with an impatient shrug. "There have been no objections from faculty or parents, because there is

(turn to page 59)



"Now there's a *real* movie star!"

When they ran the naked



girl up the flagpole at Rockwell, Harper, it was a . . .

HARD DAY AT THE AGENCY



ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLPH LEMOULT

fiction . . . JOHN PHIPPS BAKER

As he shut the door to his office behind him he noticed the girl in the black stockings at once. She was sitting quietly in a chair in the far corner and gave him a little smile as he discovered her.

She sat with her feet together primly and her hands folded in her lap and a serene expression on her strikingly beautiful face as if, for all the world, she had come to apply for a job with full confidence that she would be hired.

She was entirely nude except for the long, sheer black stockings. Her hair was jet black and her figure was bountiful and faultless.

He noticed that she had a mole on her left hip. She showed no expression of surprise or embarrassment as he continued to look at her in astonishment, and she smiled a silent, sedate good morning to him.

He hung his umbrella on the hatstand and dropped his briefcase on his foot, recovered it, and placed it on the corner of (turn over)

his neat and very well-appointed desk.

"What can I do for you?" he asked politely, straining to keep his voice as natural as possible. If I can't be at least as outwardly composed as she is I'm not much good. There was no reply. His composure was returned with interest. She continued to smile easily at him.

"Can you tell me what you're doing here?" A slight note of uneasiness escaped him. What if somebody should come in now?

No reply.

"You don't talk then?" He seated himself gingerly behind his desk, as if afraid that his chair was going to collapse beneath him. She shook her head slowly, with an amused smile.

Oh God, what a way to begin the day! And this day—of all days. He put his elbows on the desk and supported his forehead with his fingertips, and stared at the pigskin-trimmed blotter in front of him, looking for an answer.

The day had begun in the usual way. There had been no hint of peril in the air. There was a slight irritation in an encounter in the hallway with Lawrence Oxford. Oxford had bowed to Gene mockingly. "Top of the morning to you, Gene. Got the day all tied down and wrapped up?"

"Morning, Larry. You're early this morning, aren't you? It's well before nine."

"Good old Gene, always in there punching! Well, some of us rely on native talent, old boy, and some of us on plain dull sweat. You're having your big meeting this morning, I hear?"

Gene had wanted to break off the conversation, but had been held in spite of himself. Like a bird hypnotized by a snake, he thought. He winced. That is decidedly not a good comparison, in view of the fact that we are both bucking for the same spot in Harper, Rockwell. One of us will be a partner; and it will be me. I don't intend to be anybody's meal, least of all Lawrence Oxford's.

Oxford loved to make fun of Gene's reputation for planning ahead and being prepared. Let him! His thoughtfulness had brought him to within a hair's breadth of a partnership. I am the man Who Knows What He's Doing. Confident. Composed in every situation. Smart young

fellow, that Chambers, knows what he's about. . .

Doesn't make mistakes.

Oxford's parting words were like a cloud of red pepper. "Don't make any mistakes!" he had called cheerily when Gene had turned into his office.

Gene looked up from the blotter and focussed his eyes with difficulty on the peaches and cream and raven vision in the corner. Definitely not a nightmare. But not a dream either.

He looked steadily at her. "You are here for a reason," he said flatly. "The black stockings . . . they're a touch of the Oxford genius, if I'm not mistaken." She inclined her head slightly, the gentle smile illuminating the corner of the room.

"In your present . . . uh . . . condition, you can get me into a lot of trouble. That's the whole idea, isn't it?" He didn't wait for an answer. "I can't very well throw you out; there are half a dozen people in the hallway who would see you and ask questions. Who would believe my explanation? Nude women in black stockings just don't turn up in a man's office."

He winced away the headache. He hadn't had a headache in the office for three years except for the one that accompanied the news of the flamboyant Lawrence Oxford's meteoric rise to his level in the agency. The brilliant, mercurial Oxford had made it in less than two years. He was the one fly in Gene's ointment.

"So Oxford hired you and got you in here somehow and told you just to sit tight and say nothing and wait and see what I'd do and just which way I'd choose to make an ass of myself.

"If I call the police, my story'll sound pretty silly. I just found her here, officer, honest!" And somehow I don't want to do that to you, he continued to himself.

"What if I phone a store to send up some clothes for you?" Her smile brightened and she shook her head. My God she's beautiful! That's one small compensation anyway. "You would refuse to put them on, of course. I couldn't very well dress you by force, although the idea is not without its attractions." He mused, almost to himself, "No easy way out of this, naturally. Oxford's got it all figured out. . . . Quite a compliment to me that he went to all this trouble.

"So you've been told to just sit there and look beautiful and say nothing, no matter what happens." She nodded pleasantly.

I didn't have to say look beautiful.

"And the most important meeting I've had this year coming up at ten sharp." He started quickly, and then pushed the intercom button.

"Miss Johnson, tell Handley I'll want the bed. . . . the *boardroom* at ten." He looked at her triumphantly and smiled for the first time since he'd seen her.

Miss Johnson called back to say that the *boardroom* had been reserved for a presentation by Mr. Oxford at 10:30 and would half an hour be sufficient? It wouldn't. He thanked Miss Johnson grimly.

He picked up a pencil and scribbled absent-mindedly for a minute. He found he had drawn two breasts on the blotter. They looked remarkably like Black Stockings' breasts. He admired his sketch for a moment and then wrinkled his brow in concentration.

"Let's see. I can't get out of here, I've got work to do." He made a cross next to the right breast. "I can't get you out of here." He made another cross. "I can't get clothing on you." Another cross. "It's nine-thirty and my meeting's at ten. Can't call it off, too important, look bad if I did." Another cross. The right breast was beginning to look rather like an upside-down cactus. The pencil lead broke.

Let's look at it another way. What does Oxford *expect* me to do? What would *he* do? Rape? God I've got a headache! It doesn't matter *what* I do, I'm sunk!

He paced the floor. The sterling silver clock on his desk now said five minutes to ten. He stopped in front of the window and gazed for a few moments at the tall buildings pushing up through the morning haze, their windows reflecting the sun in a blaze of tiny golden rectangles. It took me only three years to reach this rarefied atmosphere. Perhaps it will take only a morning, *this* morning, to return to the dusty streets below.

He sighed. It's been fun while it lasted. Maybe I won't lose my job after all. But the partnership's out. No question about that. I can hear the brass now. Chambers? The fellow who had a naked woman in his office?

(turn to page 48)

MOVE OVER, VIRGINIA



satire . . . STANLEY PALEY

ILLUSTRATED BY BLAKE HAMPTON

. . . Make way for cynicism rampant on a field of sandpaper.

I am no more gullible than the next man, and fully aware that advertisers are prone to view their products with the favorable bias of an adolescent girl gaping at her movie idol in the flesh. Yet, despite my immunity to hyperbole and the swollen claim, I have clung to the belief that seeing is believing and I must therefore confess that a recent development in the field of television commercials has left me somewhat shattered.

You no doubt recall a commercial for a rapid shaving cream in which a man's face and a piece of sandpaper were both shaved after being lathered with the sponsor's product. It has now been brought to light by the

Federal Trade Commission that the sandpaper was a cunning facsimile of the real thing. It was, in fact, a piece of Plexiglas to which sand has been applied. Determined to find out if the lather under scrutiny really worked as shown on television, the FTC solemnly engaged in a series of tests. These proved conclusively that the lather was no aid in shaving sandpaper. In point of fact they also proved that sandpaper cannot be shaved at all.

The implications of this are quite disturbing. Setting aside the frustration I may experience some day in the unlikely event that my chin sprouts (turn over)



"But, doctor, what's this going to do to my career as a female impersonator?"

sandpaper instead of whiskers, I find myself questioning the veracity of all television commercials. I may be doing them an injustice, but I feel like Virginia, the doubt-ridden little girl who wrote to the *New York Sun*, to ask if there really was a Santa Claus.

Whom can I write to? Who will reassure me? Am I doomed to go through life doubting television commercials? Must I take each and every one of them with a grain of salt? And is my body capable of absorbing that much sodium chloride without serious injury to the cardiovascular system?

No sooner does the announcer say: "And now a word from our sponsor," when my mind feverishly gets set to probe for the truth behind the smokescreen. Lips twisted cynically, I stand ready to rip aside the veil of fiction.

After considerable experience in this battle of wits, I have formulated my own interpretation of the com-

mercials that have flashed on my television screen.

I recall, for instance, the electric shaver that shaved the fuzz off peaches. This demonstration no longer appears on the air and now I know why. It probably wasn't a peach they were shaving but a tomato with a false beard. I can't prove this, mind you, but I do know for sure that for some time the peaches I've been eating have all had five o'clock shadow.

Or take the commercial for those new cars. The announcer, or rather master of ceremonies, walks around the gleaming vehicle pointing out its merits, explaining that the dynator-sion hydroballbearing cadmium interpolator will give me a smoother ride. Smoother than what, he does not say. Eyes misted with pride, voice unctuously dulcet, he invites me to admire the lower, balanced lines and the bucket seats covered with genuine vicuna. Then comes the clincher. He opens the door and slams it shut so

that I can hear the satisfying *bl-mmmmp* instead of the more hollow and tinny *uhnnk* heard on competitive cars.

Well I am now convinced that the *bl-mmmmp* sound is not genuine. It is not actually made by the car door. Offstage sits a ventriloquist, a little old man who years ago was a headliner on the Keith-Orpheum circuit. His specialty was bird calls and railroad trains. In his hand he holds a microphone and on cue from the assistant director he purses his lips and goes *bl-mmmmp*.

And how about the commercial that says if not satisfied, money will be cheerfully refunded? Before the sorry shaving cream exposure I had no reason to doubt that statement. In my mind I visualized rows upon rows of desks at which were seated lovely, smiling girls stuffing money into envelopes for purchaser refunds. Pacing up and down the aisle, pausing only to chuck a girl or two under the chin, was the supervisor, a fat, jolly man.

This image has now been replaced. The girls are listless, sallow-complexioned. For some reason their blouses are tattle-tattle gray instead of gleaming white. The supervisor is gaunt and ulcer-ridden. He scowls each time a dollar bill goes into an envelope.

I am not saying the money is not refunded. What I no longer believe in is the cheerfulness.

Coffee commercials are a chapter unto themselves. For instance I never used to question the forty three beans in every cup. Well, maybe a little. I discounted a bean or two and surmised there were actually forty one beans, or thirty eight on an off day. But now I abide by the adage "once bit, twice shy." Therefore I have taken it upon myself to *count* the beans in every cup.

You've guessed it! Not a single one. Just coffee.

I also have my doubts when I see that man eagerly downing his cup on a competitive firm's commercial. How am I to know that it's really coffee he's drinking? The way he enjoys it, rolling his eyes and smacking his lips I'm inclined to believe he likes drinking hard liquor out of a cup.

Or take the four doctors out of five who recommend those pills. Last month I was invited to a cocktail party and by pure coincidence five

doctors happened to be there. Taking advantage of this, I decided to conduct my own poll.

"You one of the four doctors out of five who recommend —'s Pills?" I asked the first doctor. He gave me a strange look, turned away, and reached quickly for another Bloody Mary. The next two doctors said they'd never heard of the pills. The fourth was busy flirting with a handsome blonde in a low-necked gown and waved me off.

In reply to my query the fifth doctor said: "The answer is no!" This in an emphatic tone of voice. A week later he sent me a brief note that said: "For Professional Services Rendered: Consultation: \$20.00."

I am also leery of the oil company commercials which imply that those fellows who pump gas are all pillars of their community and paragons of virtue. Each and every man jack of them is so unselfish that it hurts. They are so busy with civic duties, attending school board meetings and barbecuing steaks for the neighbors that I wonder when they have time to get the cars on the rack for a change of oil and a thorough lubrication job. I don't question that there are some admirable citizens among them. But isn't there at least one black sheep in the fold? A chap who doesn't care one whit about the PTA and who relishes a poker game with the boys? And maybe even one who swears occasionally and gets drunk on Saturday night?

I also wonder about the character who appears for that chain of gymnasiums. Prior to enrolling he can't get into his tuxedo. Then he joins up, engages in a few short weeks of brisk exercise and presto!—the fit of the tux is a joy to behold. I am not naive enough to believe that the director, camera crew, stage hands and account executive are hanging around all this time, waiting for the pounds to be shed. Nonetheless, having them on standby call to shoot the additional footage later on can be a costly business. So I wonder. Could it be that there are actually two tuxedos? A too small one and a larger one?

And the dirty clothes that go into those washing machines and come out spanking clean. How am I to know they're the same ones?

And the unfortunate man with the sinus problem and malfunctioning left nostril who parades his misery for

the benefit of that spray. Will the advertiser kindly flash on the screen a medical certificate authenticating the fellow's condition?

Then there's the cough remedy that heads straight for the cough control center. Who will guarantee that there's no dawdling en route, no meandering through sundry viscera and other organs, with the secret ingredient finally winding up in the wrong place, the left toe for instance?

Consider, too, the commercial in which a young mother offers her baby a patented nursing bottle that doesn't let in any air to give junior a colic and thus enables him to be fed "nature's way." (If that's what nature has been up to recently, I don't think it's an improvement over the previous, more curvaceous founts.) At any rate I disbelieve the entire thing. I don't think the young mother is really a mother. She's probably a fifty-dollar-an-hour model who has yet to see the inside of a delivery room. And the

baby isn't a baby either. He's a mid-get hired through the good offices of the American Guild of Variety Artists, and dressed in baby clothes.

Finally there's the girl with the tummy (or midriff) bulge who sells a newly-designed bra. The sponsor wants me to believe that the bulge is due to said lass wearing an obsolescent garment.

I don't buy that either.

Please don't quote me, but deep down I seriously doubt that the old model bra is the true cause of the bulge.

Then what causes it? Let me whisper my theory that in the not too distant future the girl will be able to appear in that other commercial with the baby, and nothing phoney about it this time.

If I've become too cynical don't blame me. Blame that shaving cream company!



"How the heck can you tell your son about sex without getting yourself involved?"

The Ozark country of Missouri and Arkansas is generally regarded as the domain of the backwoodsman—of the tight-lipped, rifle-totin' mountaineer who stays secluded to make and protect his moonshine. But a better reason for Luke's constant hanging around the cave is Miss Bettina Carey, an amply-endowed eighteen-year-old honey blonde who is a self-inclined, self-made Nature girl. The beautiful Bettina, a native of St. Louis, heads for the hills as soon as the first rays of the summer sun begin pouring hotly into the Mississippi River. Up in the cool wooded peace of the Ozarks, Bettina performs as a camp counsellor, gamboling gamin-like through the minted mountains with campers who



pictorial essay



beautiful, breathtaking, bountiful . . . **BETTINA**



are only slightly younger than herself. □ The smart campers do well to stay as close to this lovely wood nymph as possible, with eyes wide open, learning about the glorious majesties of Nature. As for Luke and the boys up in their caves, they're not a-goin' anywhere, not as long as there's a chance that this most pastoral pixie will come skipping through the eglantine; a stimulating sight in sunshine—or moonshine. Away from the birds, bees and



bowers, Bettina works for the city, which might explain why St. Louis has been booming in recent years. No square, she, Bettina recognizes a close relationship between cool grounds and cool sounds, so it's no surprise that she's also an ardent jazz buff, owning a fine collection of sides which date back to the days of King Oliver. □ Truly, Bettina is the lass most likely to be a "thou"—for anyone lucky enough to have the book of verses, the loaf of bread, the jug of wine and, of course, the bough.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL HAMILTON/FRANGE



Out on the avant-garde frontier where college, theater and sculpture meet.

The girl—wearing an extremely loose-fitting and revealing cross between an old-time cotton swimsuit and faded red drop-seat longjohns, plus a wedding ring—is beautiful, luscious, ripe as September apples, and somewhat more than slightly pregnant. She bends over.

Savoring the girl, it is difficult to pay attention to why she is dressed as she is and why she keeps bending over.

But, she bends over to gather up and pass along in a continuous stream what appears to be several million yards of brown wrapping paper. Where the paper came from and where it is being passed to does not seem terribly important. In fact, her reasons for doing so are not terribly important, either.

Turns out she is a kind of actress involved in a performance of what is called a Happening, a new (or perhaps very old) form of semi-theatrical exhibition now enjoying vogue among some members of the avant-garde.

Happenings seem to be a plotless, scriptless form of what may or may not be theater. Devotees hail Happenings as a new art form. Most people who experience (which is to see, smell and hear) a Happening shrug their shoulders and walk away mumbling lines like "Jeez, wait'll I tell 'em about *this*!"

Principal Happening activity is centered in New York's Greenwich Village. Dallas has been exposed through its Museum for Contemporary Art and there are reports of stirrings in Chicago and San Francisco. A few alert newspapers have tumbled and the rush of publicity is on.

Why, it is difficult to say.

Take the girl mentioned earlier . . . the one in the floppy skivvies.

She is taking part in a Happening entitled *Voyage*. The performance is divided into seven sections entitled "Carrying," "Washing," "Singing," "Silence," "Dancing," "Coughing" and "Leaving."

The action opens with a fellow

dressed in white ducks, sneaks and T-shirt crawling slowly along a staggered-stepped catwalk. He is carrying a short board, painted blue. At the end of the catwalk, he shoves the board into a cardboard carton big enough to house, say, a refrigerator and receives from somewhere down in the bowels of the box a burlap bag stuffed with crumpled paper. He turns and shoves the bag back along the route from which he has just come, his actions and expression indicating his burden is terribly heavy.

Realize, now, this Happening is not happening in a formal theater—one with a stage, curtain, lights, and so on. This little gem is taking place in a series of three rooms located at the back of a small store. The audience is lined up along the walls and

the stepped catwalk runs the length of the three rooms.

Back to the bag-pusher.

As he disappears, a man similarly dressed comes along shoving in front of him three of the same stuffed sacks. Enroute, he crawls over and around four girls, three of whom are dressed in outfits best described as white knit skivvies, the fourth being our pregnant lady. When he runs the course, he exchanges bags and retraces his steps.

All this is done in silence, the only noise being the constantly crinkling paper and that of the forty or so members of an audience who make sounds like people wondering what in hell all *this* is about.

The Happening goes on.

The girls stand (they have been



PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAT FINKELSTEIN



HAPPENINGS ARE STRANGE THINGS

article . . . BILL KILPATRICK

seated on benches, their feet in tubs of water) and begin soaking and wringing out what appear to be cloth-stuffed scarecrows. These they hang on a nearby clothesline and begin a chorus of high-pitched wails (presumably the "Singing" section). Then they are silent. Out comes one of the bag-pushers. He scoops up one of the girls (a little one) and they writhe about a bit. Then everybody starts coughing. The guy writhing with the girl finally boosts her up on an overhead shelf and crawls up after her. Then the stream of wrapping paper starts. After about ten minutes of passing the paper the length of the catwalk and into the box the girls squat and cover themselves with what appear to be tablecloths of some sort. The performance is over, but no one is too sure, so applause is sporadic, uncertain.

What has "happened?" Do not bother to ask. There is no definite explanation. One man in the audience said the whole thing represented the intake of food into the stomach and the action thereon. Another thought it symbolic of the rise of Western Civilization. Any number can play.

A somewhat reluctant explainer of Happenings is Greenwich Village sculptor Claes Oldenburg, a Swede by way of Chicago and a leading producer, writer and actor in this sort of thing. His studio, on an East Side street adjacent to New York's Bowery, is the scene of a Happening

each Friday and Saturday night. The studio is actually an old store in which a business called The Ray Gun Manufacturing Company was once housed. Oldenburg has renamed it The Ray Gun Theatre. Here, surrounded by debris and several garishly colored pieces of his sculpture, Oldenburg will hold forth on just what a Happening is and what it is not.

"These things are personal," he declares. "They have different meanings to different people. Even the performers see each one differently and react differently to it."

Pressed for specifics, Oldenburg will describe Happenings as "a combination of expressionistic theater and kinetic sculpture."

"In this medium, we can watch materials move," he says. "For example, by using mud we can see in motion what is normally a static material. In this way it becomes a form of living sculpture in which we set up a controlled situation using sculptural forms, including people."

Oldenburg says the Happenings presented in his Ray Gun Theatre are made up of elements which come to him as he moves about in the course of his daily life. Elements appearing in past Happenings at the Ray Gun include three characters eating pink food while jabbering in different languages, girls dumped into tubs of water, guys wrapped in brown paper and wrestling, people

talking on a telephone, a girl clipping her nails, and similar phenomena mingling the esoteric with the commonplace.

"Other people doing this sort of thing may have entirely different ideas," he points out.

Oldenburg says the Happenings have no pre-determined scheme, but that the overall effect acts as a cathartic experience for both performers and the audience. However, the Happenings are not strictly ad-lib. An idea is talked over by all hands during the week before the performance. But Oldenburg says he has no idea exactly what will happen until the performance runs its course.

More than one straight-faced critic has likened Happenings to a form of living collage, a painting utilizing collected objects such as scraps of paper, bottle caps, wisps of hair, and so on. Oldenburg neither endorses nor refutes this theory, saying Happenings are whatever anyone chooses to make of them.

Facts and figures concerning Happenings are rare. They seem to have begun "happening" in New York two years ago, more or less an outgrowth of various artistic activities. From sketchy beginnings, the Happenings developed into their present form.

Oldenburg herds his audience like so much cattle. Clucking, explaining and perspiring, he pulls and pushes until everyone is lined up. Some sit, some stand, some squat. All have a "What the hell am I doing here?" look.

Having been asked to donate a dollar, which most do, the audience then sees what one critic has termed "immediate, elemental theater."

If it is theater, it is of the dirty-fingernail, what-the-hell school. There are no scenes, no sets, no stage, no discipline, no money, no nothing. Not even anyone to take the blame.

At the end of "Voyage," when the beautiful pregnant girl finally stopped passing paper to nowhere and squatted down to cover herself with a cloth, an audience wit shouted "Author! Author!"

No one showed a hand.





One man's power is another man's loss.

At least Valerie met Trevor at the airport—that was something. She had not answered his letters and he hardly knew where she was, let alone how she was. She had gone ahead of him to Europe on the *Andrea Doria*—a rather leisurely trip with stops at Gibraltar, where she received a long love letter from him by air mail; Genoa and Naples, where she debarked.

Then she had rambled casually; to Sorrento, where she went to confession; to Ischia, where two waiters tried to seduce her in her bedroom; to Pompeii, where she paid heavily to see the ancient pornography. □ They were sitting at a table at (turn over)

fiction . . . JOHN F. MURRAY, JR.

Donne's. Trevor was telling her how practically the whole Italian government had appeared when he tried to sneak two cartons of Viceroys past customs. He was terribly tired. It had been twenty-two hours by Constellation from New York, with a stopover at Orly at five in the morning. He bought a small bottle of wine and sent her a wire saying *je t'aime*. They had stopped at Geneva where he bought her a watch, and flown around Mont Blanc several times so the passengers could take pictures.

Now he was grubby and tired and his head was still buzzing, and when she told him about her adventures he didn't react much because he knew she was kind of kookie and he loved her for it, and that's why he had got a divorce in the first place. All he really wanted to do was go back to the hotel and make love to her. He had been celibate for six weeks; on the last night in New York he could have gone to bed with a girl in his office, but he kept thinking about Valerie and didn't want to spoil anything before he got to Rome.

He tried to pay the check after the first drink, but she wanted another Negroni so he ordered one, too, and while she chatted on about her trip he idly watched the passersby and tried to relax.

"Oh, there go the twins," she said, and he turned in his chair.

"They're not twins at all," he said, and she said, "Twin whores. They go to bed together. Oh, I mean with two men in the same room, that is."

"Marvelous," he said. "And they're beautiful! Absolutely lovely."

"All the whores in Rome are beautiful. Or most of them." She finished her drink slowly and he was finally able to pay the check and, lugging his bags, they went back to the hotel. "God knows what that concierge thinks," she said in the elevator. "I only got here yesterday."

He laughed. "I'm sure he's used to it."

When they got to the room she only took her dress off and lay down on one of the beds, and in a minute was fast asleep. Startled, he sat down beside her and kissed her softly on the

cheek and said "Val, Val. Darling."

She opened her eyes and said "Sweetie, it's siesta. And you must be awfully tired."

"Oh, but it's been six weeks," and he slid his arm under her back where her bra was hooked and kissed her ever so gently.

"But, sweetie," she said, "I'm exhausted," and she closed her eyes. "After siesta." She went to sleep almost immediately.

He got up and unpacked and then he, too, lay down and closed his eyes, but he kept opening them and looking at her in the dim light coming through the shutters; and the sight of her in the bra and panties was unbearable.

He did finally sleep though, but when she shook him awake, she had her dress on and was ready to go out.

He tried to pull her down to him, but she playfully fought him off.

"Come on, sweetie, I want to go buy you a present," she said, and he was too punchy to do anything but get up and get dressed. They went out and she bought him a silk bathrobe, and then she shopped for herself the rest of the afternoon. By then it was time for dinner and they took the car she had rented and drove to a restaurant on the outskirts of Rome. In the middle of their dinner a couple sat down at the table next to them; the man was fat and balding, but the girl was beautiful with a lavish bust that came half-way out of her dress.

"I'm going out of my Chinese mind," Trevor said.

"I don't blame you," she said. "I wish I had a bust like that."

"I'm looking at you," he said and she smiled sweetly and put a hand on his leg. "We'll be home soon, or I mean back at the hotel."

And when they were finally inevitably back there, he said, "Oh Val, I'm so ready," and she took him by the hand and led him to the bed where she sat him down and said, "Darling, I have something to tell you."

"What?" he said, puzzled.

"I slept with someone on the boat."

He looked at her with no expression whatsoever for a full minute and then he stood up and went over and picked up his shorts and while putting them on he said, "Oh my God, Val."

"I wanted to tell you because we had promised to be honest with each other."



"Now do a dry Martini."

"Of course," he said. "Who was it?"

"Well, he was an Italian called Gino—I have a picture of him—and I met him the second day out."

"How did you do it? You were in a cabin with two girl scouts, or something, weren't you?"

"He borrowed a cabin from one of his buddies in cabin class. That was the first night."

"What do you mean the first night?"

"We did it every night."

"Oh, Christ."

"We did it the second night on deck."

"On deck," he said flatly.

"Near whatever you call those things that lifeboats hang on."

"Davits."

"Then the next night it rained, so we did it —"

"You did it all night," he said, putting on his trousers.

"Darling, I couldn't help myself. I wanted to see what an Italian was like."

Buttoning his shirt, he said "You're on the boat one day after you leave me in New York —"

"You've never slept with another girl."

"Not after I fell in love with you."

She stood up and went over to him and unbuttoned his shirt and he undressed, and they went back to the bed, but for him it was impossible, so he got up and started to get dressed again and he said, "Where else did you do it?"

She was smoking now, her head propped on a pillow and she said, "He dressed atrociously. They all do. He wore pointed shoes and shirts you can see through. He was a Fiat salesman from Milano, and the first night he moved the mirror so he could watch."

"I've heard about that in Hollywood."

"And, Trevor . . ."

"Yes." He was almost dressed now.

"He had great staying power."

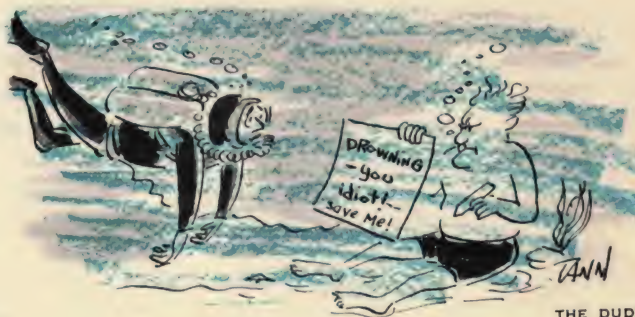
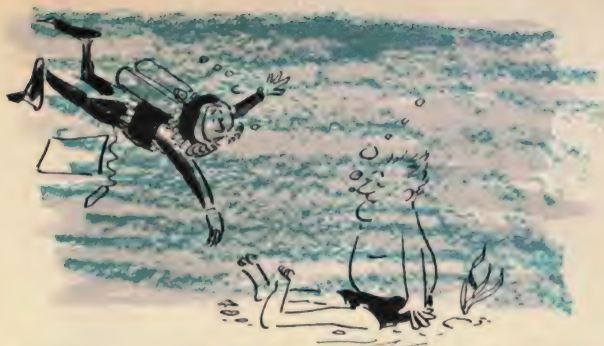
Trevor's hands froze at his tie and he turned and said, "Great staying power?"

"He could go on forever. Ten minutes, anyway."

"Ten minutes," he said.

"I always thought it was my fault."

"What did you always think was your fault?"



THE DUDE

"Well, not being able to have it together with you. You're always first. I thought I was slow. You told me it once."

"I never said that. Or at least you said it first."

"Well, anyway it's not my fault."

He resumed tying his tie. "Did you have it together with him?"

"No, but it lasted longer. It was funny, though. When we landed at Naples he disappeared. I mean he had promised to help get me on the train. You know you can get raped in broad daylight in Naples. The last I saw of him, he was in a carriage with two English women who were on the boat."

He put on his jacket, and wanting her terribly, went to the door and she said, "Where are you going?"

He said, "I don't know. I really don't know."

She stubbed out her cigarette and turned out the light and he went out the door.

He went to Donne's which was almost deserted, and he ordered a

beer, and he sat over it trying to decide whether to get drunk, get a whore, or go to Paris. He did none of these things, and went and got the Fiat and went for a drive through the city. He stopped once at a red light and a dozen whores surrounded the little car and one of them, wearing glasses, held her breast in his face, but he said "No" politely. When he was on the way again, he wondered idly why a whore would wear glasses.

He drove for an hour and got lost twice, but asking directions and loving his kookie Valerie, he found the hotel again, went up to the room, put on one light, undressed and woke her up. But it was no good again and she turned off the light and roughly pulled a sheet over her.

"I'm sorry, Val," he said.

She said "It's only temporary, Trevor. I've heard that other men have your trouble sometimes. It will get better. It's bound to."





THE PRICE OF FREE LOVE

article . . . JAMES COLLIER

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BURT OWEN

**. . . wreaks havoc on the finances of the world's
oldest profession . . . or is it America's oldest myth?**

America has three basic folk heroes. The first is the Hero of the Plains. Lean of hip, swift of hand, close-mouthed, eagle-eyed, and clean-shaven, he is slow to anger, but let Black Jake just once kick a dog, and watch out. The second is the Hero of the Cities. Grave, studious, dogged and determined, backed to the hilt by a mother who took in laundry to pay for his schooling, he rises from obscure beginnings to fling a web of shining steel across the land, binding a nation together, and just incidentally making enough money to allow his family to winter in Saint-Tropez unto the sixth generation. The third is the Hero—or to be exact—Heroine of the Bed. Good-hearted, wise, gaudy, sentimental, self-sacrificing, honest, upright (well, sort of), she is constantly pushing young men onto the path of righteousness, and setting the course of true love to running smooth. She is, of course, the prostitute: big, blowsy, full of juice; and Americans have loved her heart and soul since the days of Benjamin Franklin. (Franklin, incidentally, reputedly had a fondness for “low women.”) And, yet, despite the fealty we offer the old dame, the plain fact of the matter is that American men don't go to prostitutes very often. To be specific, fully a third of American men have never fired (turn over)

on a prostitute in anger. Most of the rest have done so only a few times.

The prostitute, therefore, is largely a mythical beast, like the unicorn. She figures small in our sex lives, exists in not very large numbers, and certainly is not the soft-hearted creature we picture her as. Yet a stranger who examined our literature, our popular songs, our dirty jokes, our standard male conversation would conclude just the reverse. He would quite legitimately believe that prostitution was the major form of sexual activity in America. We ought to take a look at the realities of prostitution, but first let's have a look at the Myth, and how she got that way.

Prostitution, of course, is the oldest profession: it has existed in most cultures, especially the more civilized ones, and it is hardly surprising that it exists in America. Sexual history is not yet anything like a science; too many of the facts are missing. Yet as far as can be discovered, there probably was much less prostitution in America than in Europe until the tidal wave of immigration began sweeping over the country in the middle of the last century. The reason for this is simple: there was no shortage of women. Men married early, and moreover premarital intercourse between courting couples was (as far as can be determined) the rule rather than the exception. Records from Brintree Church in Massachusetts for the 1730s show couple after couple confessing fornication before their marriages, so much so that the weary scribe began abbreviating the words to Conf. Forn., and finally to a simple C.F. In the South furthermore, there was an endless supply of women slaves who could be had just for the asking. The handful of men who crossed the Appalachians into the West took temporary Indian brides for bedmates. The whole story of Colonial prostitution then, can be summed up in the apt but cynical question, "Who needed it?"

American prostitution is the product of the next century. From the 1840s through the 1920s successive waves of Irish, Germans, Scandinavians, Jews and Italians swept into our cities, swelling them all out of bounds, and incidentally creating vile slums, incredible poverty, and a sweetheart of a source of cheap labor on which the American industrial machine could be built.

These conditions created American



prostitution. The unmarried slum girl had two choices: the sweatshops, or prostitution. One offered low wages, semi-poverty, frightful work under filthy conditions and an early death from tuberculosis. The other offered a fair income, easy hours, liquor and dope and an early death from syphilis, alcoholism and drug addiction. The key point, though, was the Victorian morality. Good girls didn't know about sex. Even married women weren't supposed to enjoy it. American men naturally needed a sexual outlet, and they turned to whores. The Golden Age of the fancy brothel, the rich and famous madams, the luxurious prostitutes came into being. According to one set of figures, New York City had sixty thousand prostitutes during the 1880s.

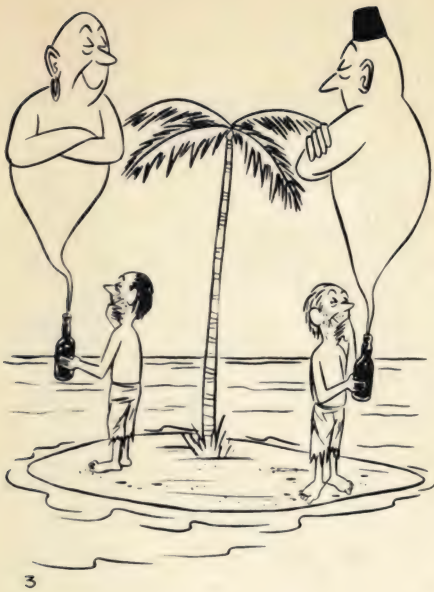
Yet despite the demand for prostitution, these figures are almost certainly exaggerated. They mean that there was one lady of the night for each fifteen men in the city. Simple mathematics shows this to be economically impossible. It meant that every male in the city over sixteen had to visit a prostitute regularly once a week. This of course is nonsense.

In any case, it is on this situation that the Myth of the Prostitute was built. The builders were Stephen Crane, who not only wrote *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*, but ultimately married a madam; Eugene O'Neill, who wrote *Anna Christie* and who put prostitute characters in many other plays; Dreiser, who wrote about

several prostitutes. Later writers picked up the theme. Hemingway, Wolfe and Faulkner wrote of them. So did Henry Miller, James Joyce (whose biggest following is American) and Steinbeck. More recently James Jones described a classic tart in *From Here to Eternity*. Even now hardly a year passes without a first novel containing a scene in which the young man struggling towards maturity visits a prostitute. In sum, American literature since 1890 is as thick with whores as a pudding with plums.

Nor has popular song neglected the trade. To name just a few there's "Frankie and Johnny," "Curse of an Aching Heart," and "Love for Sale." Taken together, prostitution has had a morbid fascination for three generations of American men—and women.

The mythical prostitute comes in two forms. One—the rarer—is of the "Come on big boy, let's wrassle" school—the big, bawdy, blousy, roistering dame who drinks hard likker straight and chooses her men from another set of folk heroes, the big, bawdy, roistering men of the oil fields, the turpentine camps, the riverboats. The second, and far more popular, is the kind-hearted, almost motherly (I'll have something to say about *that* in a moment) woman, full of compassion and insight. She is likely to be a woman wronged by a bad man, but who, with a tinge of romantic sadness, has accepted her lot in life. Her game is yet another



folk hero—the sensitive young man struggling to find his poetic gift. Her function in the myth is to guide the young poet through the intricacies of his first sexual relationship, which is usually fraught with tension and despair. This is the tart of Wolfe, O'Neill, James Jones, and countless lesser writers. She is all love, all protection, and hardly incidentally, all sex.

In a word, she is all mother—and at this point it becomes necessary to stoop to a little Freudian analysis. Those of you who have kept abreast of the psychological jargon will know that according to Freud, a man's basic conflict is the Oedipus complex. He desires exclusive use of his mother, but fearful of his giant father, who has first claim, is frightened of demanding it. The mythical whore supplies a solution almost too pat to be believed. She has been abandoned by the man who seduced her. The father is thus conveniently out of the picture, and no threat. She makes herself available to the young man, supplying love, protection and sex. And yet, most miraculous of all, she makes no claims on him. He is free to go—as he inevitably does—to the nice young girl who has been waiting for him. He thus "solves" his Oedipus complex, and symbolically grows up by abandoning his claim on the mother and finding a woman of his own.

Yet when we read this sort of thing, we sense that it is nonsense. There is very good psychological rea-

son for doing so. In actual fact—if the Freudian interpretation is to be believed—a boy solves his Oedipus complex by giving up the mother without first having her. Once his claim to her is firmly established, he is much less likely to give her up.

Enough psychologizing. It doesn't matter whether the foregoing explanation of the myth is correct. The myth clearly exists. To prove that it is only a myth we need to resort to a few statistics.

Says Kinsey, "The extent of the attention which the subject receives in this country today is, as we have shown, all out of proportion to its significance in the lives of most males . . ." It is more important to what heavy thinkers call the "lower socio-economic groups." Among college-educated men some sixty per cent never visit the ladies. Kinsey has another rather remarkable figure which makes this point. He figures that annually there are some 290 million contacts with prostitutes. Off-hand this seems like a lot of jollies, but averaged out among sixty million potent men it doesn't come to much. To continue with this dismal figure for a moment, it is easy to see that the economy won't support more than a half a million full-time prostitutes, which means that less than half of one percent of the adult women are engaged in the trade. That's hardly enough to take care of the sensitive young men, let alone the rest of the male population.

What it comes down to is that on the average, men go abrotheling five times a year. But these figures are misleading. The average is brought way up by some smaller segments of the population, and people in certain areas, such as city slums, where there are a lot of part-time prostitutes. Take a look, for example, at the figures for men in college. College men—especially those in small college towns—would seem to be natural trade for the prostitute. They're cut off from the hometown girls they knew, and in the cases of rural colleges, they may be cut off almost entirely from girls of any sort. (Hamilton College, where this writer went, is a case in point; the nearest town of any consequence was fifteen miles away, and the sister college eighty miles. Under the circumstances, dating girls was no mean feat, and an expensive one to boot.) Yet surprisingly, only some seven per cent of college freshmen ever go to a prostitute. Over the remaining college years, another nine per cent join the tiny throng. In total, only one out of seven college men uses prostitutes during the happiest years of their lives. Clearly, all that boasting which goes on around the frat house is, to put it mildly, exaggerated. And all those things they said they did in their old home towns are even wilder lies. Only one out of fifteen entering freshmen has visited the ladies beforehand.

So much for one half of the myth: only some fifteen percent of American men pay for sex more than once or twice a year, and fully a third never do at all. Considering the amount of time involved, even the steady buyers probably put less than eight hours a year of their time into the work.

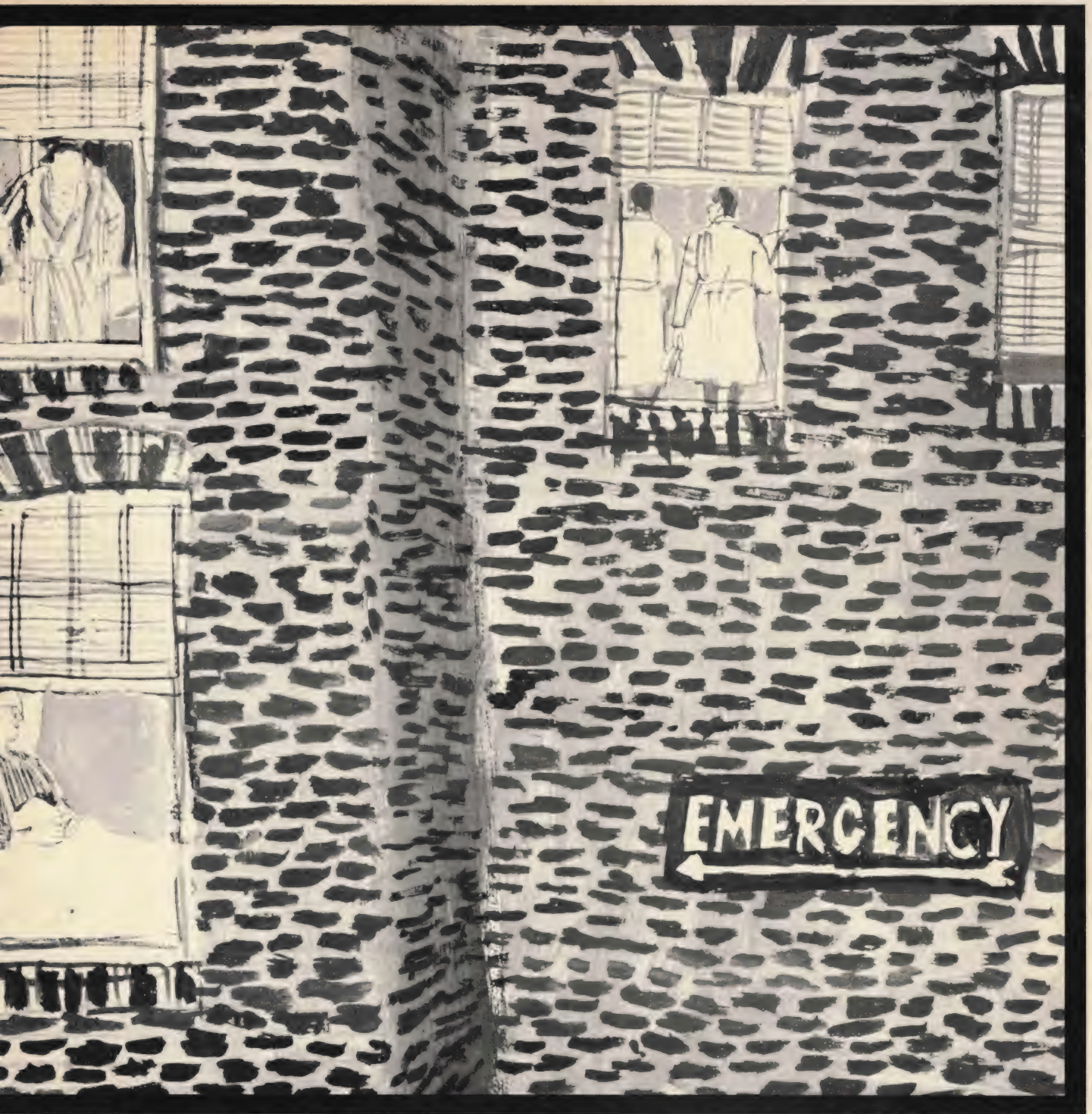
The character of the prostitute is the second half of the myth. According to story and song, she is affectionate, kindly, wise, and protective. That anyone who had five minutes conversation with a lady of the evening should believe this boggles the imagination. Prostitutes are cold, unresponsive, mechanical, quite often stupid and usually selfish. (They may sometimes be kindly to sisters in the trade, but this is not the subject under discussion.) A few quotes from the authorities will prove the point. Says the well-known analyst Karl Abraham, "Frigidity is practically a *sine*

(turn to page 59)



super
people
can
create
super
problems

Percy was too busy to notice the superb dish that simmered on the other side of the bench. Strictly speaking, the retort was simmering and the dish was merely applying the Bunsen. Her lab smock was a white hourglass. With an effort I looked higher. There were kitten-green eyes under arched red brows, matching the immaculate beehive of her hair. In the law school I attended this was the kind of girl who inspired hoarse cries of "Habeas



humor . . . RONALD SPILLMAN

corpus!" loosely translated as "Let's have the body!" ■ Percival Fitzwilliam Colquhoun was sniffing like a greyhound over a row of linked test-tubes and pumping away spasmodically at a rubber bellows. Greyhound. Come to think of it, that's an excellent description of Percy. Small head thrust forward on a strong, corded neck. Craggy, aristocratic nose. Chin that got lost at some outpost of Empire. ■ "Wonderful (turn over)

progress," murmured Percy, acknowledging my presence. "The final breakthrough between the endocrines and the nervous system. How about lunch, Miss Chalmers?"

"Not now, Percy," said the redhead. "I want to get some more tubing and finish this distillation."

Her voice indicated not the least interest in her colleague as a man, and I saw by the corresponding sag of his greyhound shoulders that he had got the message. Miss Chalmers passed me without a glance and shut the lab door behind her with scientific precision.

"What a dish," I commented. I'm not a medic myself, but I act as legal adviser to Paulfield Hospital, and that is where I first met Percy.

Percy sighed.

"A physiologist's dream, dear boy. Did you notice the supreme coordination of spinal and buttock movements—the close pelvic and femuric action during walking—"

"Tell me, Percy, do you talk like that when making love to a woman? I imagine even female doctors like to be given the old eyes-like-stars routine once in a while, rather than a load of guff about the reflective indices of the cornea."

Percy's shoulders sagged even more.

"To tell you the truth, old chap, I've never made love to a woman. I can't find one who'll have me. How about lunch?"

Over the roast beef Percy began to rattle off enthusiastically about his lab-work.

"You probably know," he said, "that every human being is born with a certain balance of male and female cells. A man heavily endowed with male cells tends to be over-masculine and a man with more female cells tends towards boyishness, or even effeminacy. That is an over-simplification, of course. Similarly, a woman with an abundance of male cells usually wears tweeds and may even develop certain secondary male characteristics, such as deep voice or hair on the upper lip. Am I boring you?"

"Not at all," I replied, trying to show a decent interest while ogling the well-filled nylons of Miss Chalmers at a nearby table.

"I have isolated endocrine elements which can be gasified. Breathed in, they by-pass the glands altogether and have a direct action on the nervous system. The gas I have produced so

far will work successfully on a woman with a preponderance of male cells. It will give her a positive shift back to feminine normalcy. Shortly, I hope to produce the full range of gases, which will give a positive shift towards normalcy from either extreme, for male or female."

My eyes had returned from contemplation of Miss Chalmers' tibs, fibs and patellas, and I spoke the thought aloud:

"What happens if a normally feminine female gets a whiff of this gas?"

"Why," said Percy, "I suppose it would make her super-feminine. Oh, gosh, I see what you mean!"

Now, this is what happened. Exactly. As Percy told it to me:

Back in the laboratory after lunch Percy called Miss Chalmers to witness the culmination of his first experiment. The request being scientific rather than social she slipped round beside him at once, and listened to Percy's exposition. Doubtless it was experimental zeal that made her bosom rise and fall so bewitchingly, but Percy observed the phenomenon with obvious satisfaction.

"You mean to tell me this gas will cause an instant, positive shift towards the sexual norm from either extreme?"

"Sure. And the stuff is odorless, without side effects. Sniff that."

Quickly, Percy unstoppered and thrust below Miss Chalmers' nose a tube on which he had grease-pencilled FEMININITY—MAX. SHIFT.

"Hey, what the —"

Miss Chalmers stepped back, but the gas had found its mark. The Atlantic green of her eyes suddenly changed to that of the caressing, warm Pacific. She giggled. Her luscious figure relaxed perceptibly into more exotic curves.

"You naughty boy," she said slowly. "Oh, Percy, you've made me feel all woozy."

Startled by the success of his experiment, Percy swallowed and began to stammer an apology. The redhead listened a moment, running half an inch of pointed tongue over the tangerine slices of her lips, then she moved close and fondled Percy's lapels.

"Don't keep on apologizing," she murmured. "Just go and lock the door."

The effect of Percy's gas lasted just twenty-four hours. The effect on Miss Chalmers had a corresponding effect on Percy's virility, which, luckily, had been a-building for many years without interruption. A whiff of gas once a day, therefore, ensured the satisfactory progress of Percy's amatory emancipation.

Then, after a happy week or so, Percy Colquhoun turned his attentions to Billie-Rae Evans, a short, gay, poppet of a nurse whose presence acted as a constant aphrodisiac to the male surgical patients on G5. Only a Southern girl can pack so much curve into so slim a figure, and even for a Southern girl Nurse Evans was extremely well packed.

Percy arranged things nicely, passing the girl in the corridor near the entrance to Male Patients' Showers. It was seven in the evening and no male patient was likely to need his body sprinkled before morning.

"Where are you off to, Nurse Evans?" Percy inquired conversationally.

Billie-Rae Evans stopped politely, but without evincing the least personal interest in the unromantic figure before her.

"Well now, doctor, I'm just going down to dinner."

Then she noticed the test-tube in his hand, and with an effort to be pleasant to this ungainly medic, she added:

"Have you been making perfume?"

Percy jumped at it.

"Chanel has nothing on this," he said, holding up the tube and removing his thumb.

Nurse Evans arched her black eyebrows as her delicately tip-tilted nose hovered over the tube. Holding his breath, Percy was aware of the proximity of her thick, dark hair. The creamy parting, where it disappeared beneath her cap, shocked him like a pale thigh.

"But, doctor," Billie-Rae Evans replied, "there is no—oh, no—oh, doctor."

Percy took her arm solicitously, felt the supple hip seek the support of his side. He began to steer her into the Male Patients' Showers.

"Do you need anything, my dear?"

She leaned closer and sighed, eyeing him with languor.

"You know I need something . . . that is, if you've got it."

It is to be regretted that Percy did not treat these social activities as a mere happy, though illicit, side issue of his main job. The laboratory work came to a standstill. The benefits which the completed process might bestow on suffering humanity were completely forgotten. Percival Fitzwilliam Colquhoun was too busy riding his id of a lifetime of repression. His Hippocratic Oath, while not forgotten, was neatly stowed away against the advent of less urgent times.

Four more girls in rapid succession fell victim to the endocrine gas—a tall, angular blonde from reception, a dainty Japanese radiologist, and a winsome night nurse who complained of boredom. The fourth was a bit of an accident—a stocky, middle-aged head nurse grabbed a tube one day when Percy nearly dropped it, and took a sniff before handing it back to him.

"Ah, Doctor Colquhoun," she fluttered, and Percy, always a gentleman, was obliged to oblige.

At this stage Percy overreached himself.

The whole hospital had its jaws a-wag over Melinda Morell, who'd just been rushed from Hollywood to Private Room 9. The beautiful actress was seeing no one. Two tough-looking private detectives sat outside her door while Roscoe Kent, her p.r. man, held off the newshawks with the time-honored cry: "A slight kidney infection."

A strange symptom of the luscious star's kidney complaint was a thin razor-slash across her left wrist. Everyone knew that Joey Gorgonzola, the noted Hollywood hood, had been dating Melinda. And everyone knew that Wally Macquereau, her French strongman husband, objected to Joey Gorgonzola.

Wally's favorite recreation was up-ending Joe's best yeggs and bouncing them headfirst on the sidewalk. Came the time when Joey could no longer buy the services of a respectable bodyguard, so he picked up a short-barreled .38 and had himself driven over to Melinda's house.

"Look-a, Wally," he complained, "I ain't-a carried a rod for fifteen years. Things ain't-a dangerous no more. But I gotta have a bodyguard for prestige, see."

He waggled the revolver.



"Whaddya mean, 'Remember, six is the limit?' I'll be lucky if I can manage it twice."

"Now, Wally, we do a deal—"

At this juncture, Wally Macquereau took the gun and dropped it on the table, turned Joey Gorgonzola upside down as though verifying the Japanese trademark on a shoddy toy, then, holding him by the ankles at arms' length, carried him over to the window, thrust him out and let go.

This was where Melinda screamed, grabbed a razor blade, and gave herself a kidney infection on the left wrist.

Now she lay in bed looking soulful, and murmuring huskily that she was finished with men. In spite of that, she wore a flimsy black nightdress that contrasted cutely with the hospital sheets and the creamy pallor of her skin. The nightdress was sufficiently lowcut to allow the doctors and nurses to see for themselves that her heart was breaking.

Old man Hargreaves, the House Surgeon, couldn't stand the sight, and asked Percy if he would attend the anguished star.

"Damnit, Colquhoun," he snapped, "I've had a clean record for thirty-five years. I don't intend to lose it with a rape charge now. That, or get bounced on my head by the strongman husband of hers."

Percy went along to introduce himself to Melinda that same afternoon.

"I'm Doctor Colquhoun. I've taken over from Dr. Hargreaves, who has been called to the coast to perform a vital operation."

"Oh," said Melinda, "what's more vital than I am?"

"A fair question. It's a giraffe with a broken neck. Mr. Hargreaves is the only surgeon in the country ever to have used splints of that length."

He examined her wrist, took her pulse and ran the stethoscope over her heart. This latter procedure took so long that Melinda raised her big blue eyes suspiciously.

"Ya found somethin' wrong?"

"No," said Percy. "It's very sound."

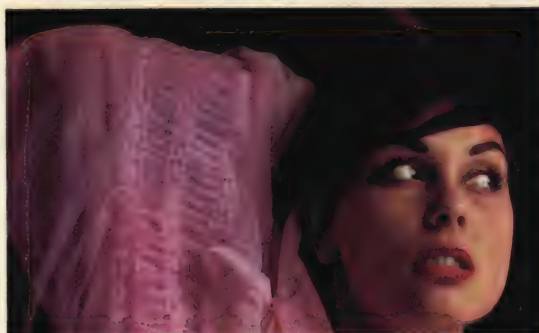
Bored, she went back to reading the Hollywood scandal sheets. Evidently, Percy thought as he left, she reserves her emotional displays for her husband. Allowing time for Melinda to digest a delicate *sole Mornay*, a *bombe surprise*, and a couple of jiggers of gin, Percy returned to the film star's room.

"Miss Morell is in a state of high tension," he told the two detectives. "I want to try some relaxing exercises on her and it is imperative that

(turn to page 70)



SWEDEN'S SWEETEST



Ulla Lindford is a tradition breaker. She has been from the moment of her birth, in Sweden, when she opened her chocolate brown eyes and unfurled a rich crop of chestnut hair on her swaddling clothes. The Swedish stereotype, as everyone who has never been there knows, is blond head and blue eyes.

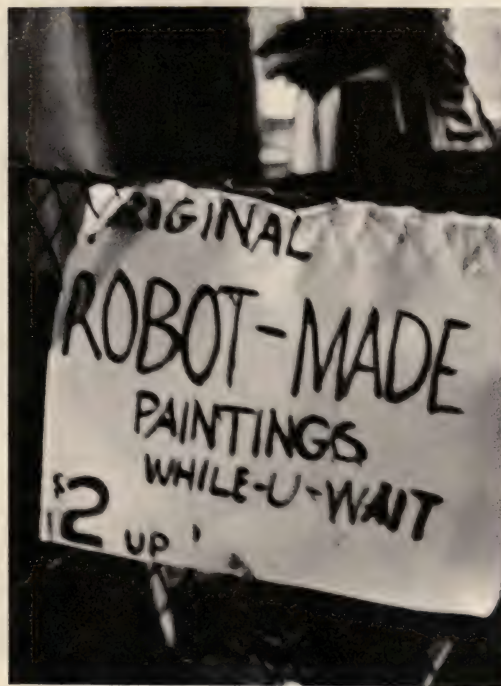
Ulla confounds convention in one other respect. Her home is Goteborg, a seaport with roughly 300,000 natives. Over here, we tend to think that all Swedes are Stockholmites.

However, buxom Ulla does conform in some respects: her color pattern may be different, but like all women, she does have two legs (above average, to be sure), two arms (above average, to be sure) . . . and she digs Elvis the most. . . . Doesn't everyone?



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL HAMILTON/PRANGE





It isn't
what it used
to be . . .
but, then . . .
it never was.



New York's Greenwich Village has been condemned by visitors from all over the country as Not Being the Way It Used To Be more loudly and consistently than any other community in the United States but this charge has no basic truth at all. The Village is exactly the way it always was—in ferment. Life there moves in cycles. All the basic things happening there now—like poetry readings, walk-up houses being torn down to make way for high-rent elevator buildings, conflict between the local bourgeois and Bohemian elements—all happened in the 20s, 30s and 40s. As it was then, the Village is still a mecca for young kids out of college or art school who want to find themselves and wear sneakers or beards or no brassieres, and talk with like-minded people over beer or coffee. In this age of television, the Village may be the last place in America where people would rather talk.

Paradoxically enough, despite its perverts, its junkies and tea-heads, its frequent corny exhibitionism, the Village is still, in the minds of a great many normal people, the (turn over)



pleasantest and most neighborly residential section of Manhattan.

The Village's charm as a dwelling place comes dear. It is New York's highest rent district, the scene of a never-ending struggle between the inhabitants of ancient apartments in old-fashioned houses and relentless New York developers, who buy up ancientness by the block in order to rip it down and replace it with thin-walled, characterless buildings which go for ninety dollars per room per month.

There are still lots of rickety, handsome old one-family type houses standing in the Village; generally they've been whacked up into floor-through apartments and bought by white-collar midtowners who live in part of the house and rent out the rest. These days, the garret of such a house is not occupied by a struggling young poet living on love and boiled cabbage with a long-haired girl who is escaping the repressions of a Midwestern upbringing. The top floor has been remodelled, the walls scraped down to the authentic original brick, and the joint rented for three hundred dollars a month to an advertising man and his Bryn Mawr wife. The starving artist has been dispossessed by the Young Professional, and has moved toward the Bowery, a continuation of Third Avenue which roughly marks the Eastern edge of the Village.

Another sign of the times is that the front of one of the 3rd Street joints which used to feature huge photos of heavy-lidded, heavy-breasted strippers in attitudes of careful abandon is now adorned with a sign bearing the brisk inscription:

TWISTING NITELY. But other strip joints still hang on to clip the up-towners and the out-of-towners (\$1.25 for a beer at the bar). The Heat Wave is right next door to the headquarters of the Greenwich Village Peace Center, which advertises "Peace Information." The Village is loaded with similarly bizarre juxtapositions, which is a good part of its charm. (While it has no establishment named Juxtaposition, it does have a Cafe Bizarre.)

The Village's tourist section also includes the seemingly endless swarm of tiny shops selling women's clothes that look like men's clothes and men's clothes that look like women's clothes, exotic leather goods, jewelry, and all manner of fey knick-knacks which have been woven, sewn, carved and hammered into unusual shapes by a veritable army of delicate young men who walk lightly on the balls of their feet.

The pansies are an obvious part of the Village, like the revealed portion of an iceberg. Tourists are often misled by the gaudy superstructure of Village Society which seems to crowd the streets—the beards, the lisping men in narrow pants, the stern-jawed girls with short hair.

What they don't notice is the long-established core of strictly non-artistic working-class Villagers who have lived there for generations. They are mostly Italian and Irish, and they have, with sporadic demonstrations of impatience, tolerated new waves of painters and writers and craftsmen for fifty years. They were longshoremen and laborers, and a good many still are—but out of this class have come some solid merchants and

landlords, as well as some powerful Tammany politicians and some even more powerful underworld Mafiosi.

Another segment or stratum of the Village not noticeable to the tourist is the young professional. He or she is generally connected with publishing or advertising or publicity in some midtown office; and if you scratch beneath the surface, you'll generally find a Sunday painter or a midnight writer, or at least a college lit major who Cares. They like the informality of the Village, and the charm of its crooked streets. Frequently, the young professional can afford an apartment in the Village because he or she has earned a better salary by some commercial application of a minor talent than most raggedy-pants artists (real or phoney) can earn by the uncommercial practice of what may be a much richer talent.

The Village does have its share of artists and writers who've made it. Justin O'Brien, meticulous translator of Andre Gide, can be seen driving along Perry Street in a car which sports a license plate bearing the letters G I D E. Wealthy painters Franz Kline and Willem De Kooning drink at Dillon's or the Cedar Street bar on University Place, side by side with poverty-stricken hermits out of the Art Students' League.

Some of the people labelled bohemians or beatniks have another side in addition to their interest in words and impressions and ideas. One evening not long ago a gang of South Village street corner toughs decided to crash the White Horse Tavern on Hudson Street and clean out what they thought of as the

fairies and radicals and educated loudmouths who hung out there. (In the early 50s, the White Horse had become transformed from a neighborhood bar frequented by longshoremen into a hangout for a mixed bag of college lit majors, local young professionals, and various creative types — this popularity stemming largely from the frequent presence in the Horse of the late Welsh poet Dylan Thomas, who felt at home in its pleasant English-pub atmosphere.) The toughs happened to hit the tavern on a night when it contained a couple of ex-Columbia athletes who were thinking of being writers, a klatsch of Village moving men (a strange, transient breed with broad backs and a general working knowledge of Spinoza and Camus), plus a couple of abstract sculptors whose physical condition had not been notably softened by years spent chiseling granite and welding together large pieces of iron.

The fracas was mercifully brief.

The writers, sculptors and moving men were back at the bar nursing their beers within ten minutes after the South Village assault was launched, whereas most of the Bedford Street bravos staggered over to nearby St. Vincent's Hospital, nursing head wounds. If they have returned since to the White Horse, they have done it inconspicuously.

Many of the Bohemians live on the Lower East Side, adjoining the fringes of the Village, where rents are cheaper and where spacious lofts can sometimes be obtained by artists who like to paint on big canvases and like to have their work close to where they sleep, so they can fall

quickly out of bed and get right to it.

Along East 10th Street a large number of art galleries has sprung up. Setting up an art gallery down there is not really difficult. You rent an empty store, get it wired for strong lights, calcimine the walls, think up a chic name for your sign outside, and you're in business. The paintings aren't hard to come by. Most of them will be abstractions, and much of the sculpture will consist of "found objects" like a rusty nutcracker hanging inside an abandoned toilet-seat. Most of the painters are determinedly self-taught, and most of their pictures are charitably classified as "student work" by the art critic of the peppery, sophisticated local newspaper, *The Village Voice*. Many of the painters hung in the 10th Street galleries should, in the opinion of some art lovers, have been hanged instead, but some impoverished East Village artists have caught on, and have moved their stuff to the uptown galleries, which generally sell more of what they exhibit, and for higher prices.

The semi-annual outdoor art show which infests the streets of the Village twice a year is bad in quite another way. It's been running since 1933, and even though it pulls in droves of tourists who buy food and drink and trinkets from local merchants, native Villagers profess to hate it, because it clogs up the sidewalk with gooeey representational trash.

However, certain instant portrait artists and painters of gaudy marine-scenes pick up money in four figures during the three-week duration of the show. The visitors to the Outdoor

Art Show seem to resemble the bargain shoppers who teem through the discount houses that line the suburban highways. They are squares, who look on a Village outing like a trip to the zoo.

Craftsmen and metal workers—many of them who live in the Village, some of whom come from out of town—also exhibit in the art show, and a take of \$2,000 during the autumn show is not unusual for a clever silversmith, of which there are a number in the Village. Like the artists, the craftsmen number a lot of phonies among the genuinely talented ones.

Chief among the craftsmen, perhaps, is Sam Kramer, who runs a one-flight-up jewelry shop on Eighth Street, and shuns the Outdoor Art Show like the plague. Sam wears a small earring in one pierced ear, and has sported a luxuriant black beard since a time before most of the bearded young Village beats and rebels had begun to shave. Kramer is a good craftsman, with a wide knowledge of stones, and he can make jewelry in quiet good taste when pressed. But he specializes in the grotesque and massive conversa-



PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM STRAVITZ

tion-piece brooches, and earrings favored by far-out Villagey girls. Sam is not above luring customers by hiring such a girl, painting her green, stuffing her into a leotard two sizes too small, putting a space helmet over her head and turning her loose to parade around the local streets lugging a sign advising onlookers where to buy their jewelry.

Obtaining pretty girls who will consent to being painted green is probably easier in the Village than in any community in the United States. In fact, such girls might almost be said to represent a separate category of Villagers. For years, the Village has been the mecca for hundreds of the more adventuresome graduates of Eastern girls' schools and colleges, and for dozens of aspiring actresses from all over the country. With the off-Broadway theater concentrated in and around the Village, and given the generally relaxed, informal atmosphere of its bars, coffee houses and restaurants, the Village is the natural place for a hip girl down from Poughkeepsie—in search of fame, or shame, or just some kicks—to want to live. Yes, the long-legged, long-haired girls with tight jeans, too much eye make-up and nutty hair-dos whom you'll see around the Village are generally not the girl next door. They frequently have an interesting neurosis, and a consuming hunger to be amused, enlightened or seduced—if not all three.

It is hard sometimes to tell the actresses and aspiring poets, the performing types, from the Village's many professional or white-collar girls who work in the midtown area. Many of the latter (airline reservation clerks, girls Friday to admen, editorial assistants, etc.) adopt quasi-beat make-up and attire when they are down in their home neighborhood evenings and week-ends. Two or more of these, banded together, can afford a decent apartment. Some hang on for years, of course, and become a part of the scene, but most of them get married and move to the suburbs or East 68th Street. But there's a new crop every year.

Louis' Tavern on Sheridan Square used to be the place where Village men would go to cut an Antioch or Bennington or Vassar girl out of the herd, but Louis' got torn down a couple of years ago; it's the basement of a Bohack market now, atop

which is a large, pale new apartment building.

The Village regulars were concentrated in fewer places in the late 40s and early 50s, for the simple reason that there were fewer places to go. It was before the rash of coffee houses. A hole in the wall called Reggio's was the only one in those days. A few ex-GIs, up at Columbia on the GI Bill, or just resting on their unemployment insurance, would eat cheap at Minetta's and the Blue Mill. The Waldorf Cafeteria, on Sixth Avenue between Eighth Street and Waverly Place (torn down and replaced by a bank which flashes the time and temperature to passers-by) was a great hang-out for Villagers ten and fifteen years ago. It was called the Wax Museum because the regulars would sit at tables all day, mesmerized by a cup of coffee.

The Village, like the world, was more manageable then. Suddenly the Rienzi Coffee House opened, then the Limelight, and the Circle in The Square Theater started pulling an uptown crowd. By providing dark tablespace for young people with small entertainment budgets, the coffee houses lowered the mean age of the participants in Village night life by several years. The kids still come down from the New York colleges and, during vacations, from the out-of-town schools, playing it cool as they carefully husband cups of Capucino in a coffee joint.

And, just as twenty years ago a trio consisting of Betty Comden, Adolph Green and Judy Holliday was singing their own material for peanuts at the now defunct Cafe Society Downtown, twenty years from now the Irving Berlin or Shirley MacLaine or Ray Charles will probably turn out to have worked a Village cafe during the late 50s or the early 60s. When the cast at the theater cafe known as The Premise starts improvising on remarks fed spontaneously from the audience, if you've caught them on a good night, you'll realize you're in the presence of some very gifted people. When Bill Heyer pulls on his German hat (and accent) and launches into his own version of the *Twelve Days of Christmas* ("On the vifth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, four svastika scribblers, a Telefunken H-Bomb, Rudolf Hess's blessings, two anti-Semites . . . and a partridge in a pear tree") at the Phase 2 Cafe on Bleeker

Street, one realizes the old rebellious spirit has not died out completely.

The coffee houses don't pay their entertainers, for the most part. Jim Washburn, proprietor of the 3rd Side, a former storage bin for Sanitation Department equipment on 3rd Street, usually has a mixed bag of folk singers at his establishment, and after passing the hat among the customers, they all troop west to Washburn's apartment to sleep.

Washburn's coffee house is a lively place, in a relaxed sort of way, and some of his singers and monologists are very good. He himself is the inventor of Mother Fletcher's rum kicks and Mother Fletcher's fruity tarts and, indeed, of Mother Fletcher herself. (The name was later made famous by Jackie Gleason.) In a dreamy, fairy-tale monologue that kids junkies and pushers, Washburn tells how Mother Fletcher founded the Mom & Pop candy store chain and ran it until she got busted and sent to Lexington for the cure. An ex-waiter and inventor, Washburn was once married to a dianetics therapist who grew four inches at the age of thirty-nine.

The Village is filled with people who don't keep regular hours or wear regular clothes or act out the regular fantasies of most nine to five office people. They gravitate down there, and to the uninitiated they're all lumped together as "beatniks." The hard core beats, aging now like Chiang Kai-shek's army, might be divided into two categories; those who work at it and those who play at it. Some of the beats look odd and live poor because they are more interested in the work they are doing or the long thoughts they are thinking than they are in external appearances or in other aspects of the rat race.

The ones who play at it, exhibitionistic souls with a vague creative urge and perhaps a very light case of talent, are generally the ones most in evidence in Washington Square Park on a Saturday night.

They opened up some good avenues a few years back, in plays and poetry. You still see some of them around the White Horse or Chumley's. They may use a little pot, may switch girls occasionally, but they are usually gentle folk.

Most people in the Village are.





'Tis the season for her to do some buying . . . and show her gratitude for a great year.

FOR THE SPORTING DUDE—(top to bottom) "Blizzard" skis from P & M Distributors, \$150. Garcia's complete spin-casting outfit contains rod, reel, line, lures and hint-filled manual, \$65.25. P & M's Eckel steel ski poles, \$15 a pair. Winchester Model 59 glass-barreled automatic shotgun, \$149.95. Winchester's Model 100 auto rifle, chambered for 308 ammo, \$155. Gold-plated golf putter from Henry Rosenfeld, \$37.



FOR THE INDOOR DUDE—(top left) Harman-Kardon's build-it-yourself hi-fi kit, the integrated 30-watt Award Series stereo amplifier, \$79.95. Put together for you (bottom left) it's \$99.95. Walnut cabinet for same, \$29.95. Top right is the Rek-O-Kut Audax Speaker System in a room-divider model, \$79.95. Below it, the Fisher StereoMaster Audio Control (with 80-watt integrated amplifier) \$249.50, and the Golden Cascode FM-Multiplex Tuner (with stereo beacon) \$299.50.



FOR THE SPORTIVE DUDE—(clockwise from top) "Speakeasy" decorated ice bucket by Destino, \$19.95. "The Compleat Tippler" set from Henry Rosenfeld, \$13.50, which practically demands Rosenfeld's distinctive tray, \$9. For fast shooters, the Pistol Cocktail Mixer (\$4.95) and the Shoulder-Holster Flask (\$4.95) from Swank. The basket decanter is Destino's and costs \$25. Henry Rosenfeld sells both the Chessman Bottle Opener (\$8.50) and the "One for the Game" flask set (\$7.95). At stage center is the Dude's ultimate bar set—everything—for \$150. From Essway.

HARD DAY AT THE AGENCY

(Continued from page 14)

Hmm. Astonishing! *Said* he just found her there! Haw! Haw! Ho! These young fellows! Wonder what came over him? Yes. Hmmm. Had my eye on him too. Seemed to know what he was about. . . But this naked woman affair. All right elsewhere, I suppose, if you can get it! Heh! Heh! But at the office! It's been hell at the club this week, I'll never hear the end of it!

I don't need a crystal ball for this one. And the story will get around the entire advertising fraternity in a flash. They'll all admire me openly and slap me on the back and dig me in the ribs and make sly remarks and laugh like hell and wish it had happened to them. I'll be famous. But when it comes to getting another job . . . well . . .

On the other hand I probably won't lose my job. I'm too valuable where

I am. And here I'll stay, forever. What a prospect.

He turned to Black Stockings bitterly, "I hope he's paid you well, beautiful, because you're about to ruin one of the most promising careers in the advertising business. Maybe you'll lose a little sleep over this job. You ought to." She stirred uncomfortably in the leather chair. He noticed that it was three minutes to ten. She seemed about to speak.

"Mr. Crown is here for the meeting, Mr. Chambers," said the intercom.

"Ask him to wait a moment, please."

A flash of panic was immediately followed by a happy stroke of inspiration and he reached for the telephone to call a friend two floors below.

"For God's sake Jim don't ask any questions—just get a completely equipped crew up here in five minutes at the outside; lights, camera, the

works! The more equipment the better . . . and hurry!"

This is going to be a shambles of a meeting. Pray to God none of the partners turns up.

The crew arrived, three men, and scarcely batted an eye at Black Stockings. Beautiful bare women were old stuff to them although Gene did hear one scarcely audible low whistle escape. There aren't many *that* beautiful, he agreed silently.

They set up the folding screens in a corner of the office amid a forest of lighting equipment. He signalled Black Stockings in her corner. She shook her head happily.

Damn!

"All right men, move your stuff to that corner will you?" he said, in desperation. They glanced at him curiously and in another minute had her boxed in with screens, panels, cameras and lighting.

"Now just work away quietly while the meeting is going on, but above all keep her in there!" he instructed the unit chief.

"Mr. Crown, Mr. Searle, Mr. Richardson are waiting, Mr. Chambers," said the intercom.

"Send them in."

The door opened and the five men straggled in, chatting amiably.

Gene tilted his chair back and slowly put his feet on the desk. As he did so, three more men walked in, glancing at the activity in the corner as the earlier arrivals had done.

"All right, gentlemen, let's get to work." He looked at one of the latecomers. "George, I wonder if you'd keep notes. I'd rather not have Miss Johnson in on this. Don't want to inhibit our thinking."

He rose to his feet and the buzz of conversation ceased.

"Gentlemen," he began falteringly, "As you are aware, this meeting has been called for the purpose of reviewing what we've produced in the last quarter and giving some thought to what we will be doing in the next quarter." He glanced nervously at the corner. It's like being in the same room with a time bomb. Several of the men looked at him questioningly. "I'll come to that in due time," he said, waving at the corner. If I can think of an explanation in due time.

He continued. "I've been looking over our stuff and the only conclusion I can come to is that we've gotten into a rut! Our work has been just

(turn to page 53)



REMEMBER THIS ONE?

If you don't, maybe you need your head examined. It means that either you've got amnesia or—even worse—you missed an issue of DUDE, something no well-rounded, red-blooded, normal young man would ever do. So get off that couch and subscribe today. Schizo easy . . . just mail the coupon below.

"Oh, I guess I'm just like any other young man . . . baseball, movies, cards . . . mother and I enjoy them all."

(check one)

- ☐ six issues for \$3.
- ☐ twelve issues for \$6.
- ☐ eighteen issues for \$9.

THE DUDE 505 EIGHTH AVE., NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

name _____

address _____

city _____ zone _____ state _____

REMITTANCE MUST ACCOMPANY ORDERS • 1/63



MISTLETOE AND IVY
...are just two of the
ingredients that help
keep Christmas green...

humor . . . MORT GERBERG



"Merry Christmas, sir! Could I interest you
in an imported black lace nightgown?"



"... Anton, 15¢; Corman, 15¢;
Josephs, 25¢; Lorenzo, 50¢ ..."



◀ "Here's one from some guy in Cuba who wants 500 tractors —"

"Oh, but this is right, Miss Owen—assuredly right! Don't you see the mistletoe?" ▶



◀ "Cripes —you again? What do I get this year—twins?"



HARD DAY AT THE AGENCY

(Continued from page 48)

plain run-of-the-mill, let's face it.

"Today's consumer is bombarded by advertising every minute of the day, everywhere he turns. In his home, on the roads and highways, everywhere. Now I believe that good advertising, in order to be effective and move him, must stand out from this tremendous mass of impressions he receives."

Suddenly he was transfixed by the sight of Black Stockings pushing gently through between the screens. The unit chief stepped out and shrugged his shoulders helplessly at Gene.

Oh God, thought Gene, this is the beginning of the end.

The men, whose eyes had been fixed on him attentively, turned to see the cause of the agonized expression on his face.

Searle caught sight of her first. "Holy Smoke! Old Chambers has redecorated his office! What're you celebrating, Gene?"

A serenade of low, enthusiastic whistles burst forth from the group and the office rang with comment.

"Gene's proving that business can be fun!"

"You mean business and pleasure *do* mix!"

Gene stood behind his desk paralyzed.

"I dreamed I forgot my Four-in-Hand bra!"

"You get a lot to like with a dame!"

"For fast, fast, *fast* relief!"

Black Stockings appraised her admirers with a cool smile and walked calmly and gracefully amid a chorus of approving sounds to the chair at the corner of Gene's desk. She must be a dancer, he thought, the way she moves! What a time to think of that . . . when I'm dying!

He looked at her in pain and lifted his eyes to the door as it opened again and admitted Mr. Rockwell, the Rockwell of Rockwell, Harper, all goggling eyes and silvered moustache, who entered and took a seat at the back.

"Excuse me, Gene and gentlemen and . . . uh . . . Don't let me interfere with the meeting. Please go on," he said ominously, "With *whatever* it is you are doing."

"I was saying," Gene continued lamely, "That advertising today must stand out . . ." He looked down at his

notes for inspiration and received none. The problem sat there in all her devastating beauty before the entire roomful of men. She had not gone away by any means. He continued, his eyes lowered, reading mechanically from his notes.

"We've all seen the success of certain campaigns in the past; the man with the eye-patch . . . and so on." He could hear his audience shifting and coughing with boredom. Same old stuff! Obviously the only thing that was holding the meeting together now was the view of Black Stockings. "What have all the outstandingly successful campaigns in common? They were different, unconventional, original." He lifted his eyes from his notes and looked into hers. Right girl. Wrong place. Wrong time.

But suddenly inspiration struck him with a wallop the size of a gorgeous, black-haired naked woman. Here I'm talking about originality and I can't even see it when it's under my nose! He looked his audi-

ence square in the eye with a surge of confidence composed of about ninety per cent desperation and ten per cent honest-to-God hope.

"We've got to get out of our rut! We've got to start thinking along unconventional lines." He turned to Black Stockings and forced a smile.

"That's the reason for this young lady. I've set up a . . . uh . . . somewhat unconventional situation here with the single purpose of jarring our thinking processes sufficiently so that we may think *up*, think *out* . . . so that every single piece of work this agency produces will be different and better than the mediocre stuff that plagues us on every side." He glanced at Black Stockings. How does she do it? God, what poise!

He took a deep breath. "The problem before us today is how to bring that about." He noticed, with astonishment and gratification, that notwithstanding the competition, every eye in the room was on him at this moment. Mr. Rockwell rose from his



THE DUDE

"Oh, Lex . . . a different girl every night . . . that's no kind of life for a guy like you. You need *me* . . . not just tonight, but *every* night . . . except weekends . . . my husband likes us to get out of the city on weekends . . ."



TONIGHT! ON TELEVISION!



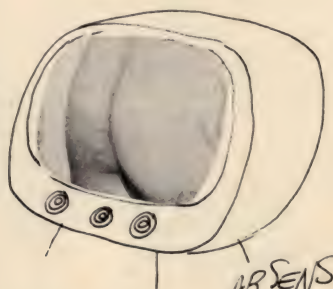
FOR THE FIRST TIME!



NEVER BEFORE SEEN ON TELEVISION!



WATCH TELEVISION TONIGHT!



THE DUDE

chair, nodded to Gene and coughed.

"I must be going. Thank you Gene and gentlemen and . . . uh . . ." He chuckled suddenly and left.

Gene turned to her weakly. She smiled happily back at him.

He continued the meeting in a daze, scarcely aware of what he was doing. All of a sudden it was a quarter to two and he brought the conference to a close.

"God!" he said to Black Stockings after the last man had left, "I thought they'd never leave. I'm hungry and you are too." He ordered sandwiches and coffee sent up.

"While we sit here, two things are happening," he mused. "Everyone in the agency is learning of your presence here, and the boys are carry-

ing the news to the rest of the trade at lunch.

"Nothing to do now but relax and enjoy looking at you. Does that bother you?" She shook her head. "Silly question." He hesitated. "How about going out with me tonight? We can celebrate my being fired or something." She nodded quickly. "You'll talk to me? You can talk?" She nodded again. "Write your name and address here for me," pushing a memo toward her.

"Leslie Jordan," he read the name aloud. "Beautiful name. Suits you."

They ate their lunch in silence.

Miss Johnson called him on the intercom and handed him a large box at the door addressed to Leslie Jordan. It was quite heavy.

She opened the box quickly, unfolding layers of crinkly white tissue paper within. Gene watched her as she carefully pulled off the black stockings and then proceeded to dress, taking the garments one by one from the box. He noticed it was five after four.

"Do you mind if I watch you dress?" he asked.

"Why should I? You've seen me with nothing on all day. This is for you!" She pulled a champagne bottle from the box and handed it to Gene. He read the message attached. *Congratulations to the new partner. News just out. It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy except, of course, to me. Larry. P.S.—Now that there's a premium on originality around this shop I hope you won't forget who was responsible for furthering your career.*

He collapsed with laughter in his chair.

"Leslie . . . Leslie . . . Leslie . . . Leslie Jordan! We'll drink champagne tonight. Are you still coming to dinner with me?"

"Certainly, Gene . . . Gene . . . Gene . . . Gene Chambers. I haven't had so much fun in years," she laughed mischievously.

"Fun! Fun! Didn't it bother you to sit there stark naked with twelve men staring at you all morning?"

"No, it didn't," she said, looking at him curiously. "Did it bother you?"

"Yes, damn it, it did!" he exploded.

"Well, I look at it this way . . . I've got a beautiful body . . . I'm beautiful. I know it. Why hide it?"

"Well, I don't think it's a good thing at all, Leslie Jordan. Not before a group anyway. Now one person . . ."

She smiled at him with a twinkle, and interrupted. "So after dinner you'll invite me to your apartment . . . Well, there's just one thing I want you to know right now, Gene Chambers," she said firmly.

"Yes?"

"I absolutely refuse to wear these damn black stockings." Her smile burst blindingly like a salvo of fireworks in his face and, pulling the black stockings from the tissue in which she had placed them, she carried them over to the wastebasket and dropped them in.



Angry Young Woman



pictorial essay

P.M., M.P., is a combination of initials that represents a dream just now, but if Britain's Miss Patsy May realizes her ambition they will stand for Patricia May, Member of Parliament. Indeed, Miss May has outstanding qualifications for a political career: personal attractiveness, a thoroughly educated (redbrick university)



intelligence, and strong convictions. If England's cult of the Angry Young Men weren't as much a dead horse as America's Beatniks, it would be proper to call Patsy an Angry Young Woman. She's against the Establishment, colonialism, traditionalism, the Common Market, and the Tories. ☐ But she is in favor of men. Her ideal man is octogenarian Lord Bertrand Russell. She sighs over his logical intelligence, his vigorous espousal of causes, and his hawklike good looks. "I want just such a man for myself," she says, adding wistfully, "He'll have to be a bit younger, of course." ☐ While waiting for an opening in Parliament and a younger facsimile of Lord Russell, Patsy teaches history in a girl's school near London and



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAPHIC HOUSE



devotes her free time to giving ear to a growing collection of imported American modern jazz records. □ "Britishers mostly don't understand jazz," she says. "I spend lots of time with it because I want to learn to live it. □ "Jazz," she says emphatically, "is a way of life . . ."



GENERATION OF SHEEP

(continued from page 11)

nothing to object to," he told me. Actually, he believes that for the leaders, themselves, the program may be an invaluable experience in merchandising techniques which they can put to good use after graduation.

While some faculty members are not anxious to discuss the subject, an athletic director I queried was unenthusiastic. After stating that none of *his* boys were involved, he said that any athlete who did take part risks losing his amateur standing in that same way that he would if he accepted money to go on a television panel show.

But this is a technical question.

Even the soul-searching about whether or not the technique is subliminal may be largely a matter of semantics. After all, every piece of effective advertising works partly on the unconscious. And there seems to be less of an attempt to misdirect here than with the so-called free plugs that are presented every day in both movies and television programs.

If any aspect of this situation is alarming, it is the attitude of the students. It is they, after all, who happily join in the game of follow the leader.

And follow they do. At times, it seems as though college and high-school students will buy anything and everything as long as it is promoted correctly. There is the classic case of the shoe-store chain which first pre-tested a number of shoes in order to find the most popular models. They then placed these shoes on the feet of student leaders throughout the country in hopes that they'd direct other students back to the local store.

Only they made a mistake. In one city they handed out the wrong model.

It didn't matter in the least. In that town, the fad was created around the shoe that didn't pre-test so well. It didn't seem to matter what style the leaders wore—so long as they all wore the same thing and were properly vocal about it!

Right here, it might be appropriate to set down a comment by a member of Eugene Gilbert's staff: When asked if some students didn't resent being told what to wear by one of the firm's paid operatives, she smiled pityingly at my naivete. "Oh, no," she said. "Kids *want* to be pushed around!"

And that tells the story pretty well.

If the lady is right, it's probably silly to blame any manufacturer or promotion man for trying to push them in their direction.

When the average, non-famous, non-heroic student has enough self-confidence to tell Phil Phulback what he can do with Ajax' new sport shirt, all concern about subliminal techniques can cease.



PRICE OF FREE LOVE

(continued from page 31)

qua non of prostitution. The experience of full sexual sensation binds the woman to the man and only where this is lacking does she go from man to man." Says Harold Greenwald in his full-scale study of the art, "All of the call girls studied evinced marked signs of hostility toward men." Agostin, writing in the "International Journal of Psychiatry" claims that most prostitutes have rejected both parents, are therefore cold and unresponsive in all dealings with people. The analyst Frank Caprio goes even further. "I am convinced that prostitutes by and large are victims of unresolved bi-sexual conflicts and their flight into sexual intimacies with many men, rationalized by the profit motive is symptomatic evidence of their fear of their own unconscious homosexual desires."

Taken all together, this hardly gives a picture of that great bawd, the Earth-mother. Instead, we see an unhappy, dour, anxious woman trapped by inner drives in a profession which is giving her very little pleasure.

This all should be obvious. A hundred years ago there were some good reasons for a woman to choose the calling. With luck and intelligence, she might in a few years set herself up for life. Certainly it was an escape from the sweatshops. Nowadays, what with the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, the labor laws, living wages, and in most parts of the country, no scarcity of work, there is hardly any sane reason for choosing whoredom. Certainly it is no way to get rich. True, a top-drawer call girl may make \$25,000 a year. Between pay-offs to police and procurers, the expenses of clothes and an apartment, she is lucky to have any-



Set of 3

S M or L

\$6.95

Pristine white, passionate scarlet or dedicated black—you know her best. But you'll know her even better after you gift her with a set of these 40-denier nylon panties. They come in a simulated-patent-leather box that she can keep your indiscreet letters in.

THE DUDE

505 EIGHTH AVE., NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

I've got just the Gal. size ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L.

name

street

city zone state

SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER • 1/63

thing left over at the end of a year. The small-time chippy, who averages ten dollars a trick clearly will be lucky to gross \$150 a week, and at least half of that must go for pay-offs in various places. In sum, an intelligent girl can make more money in business, can have more security in marriage, and certainly more fun in just plain sleeping around.

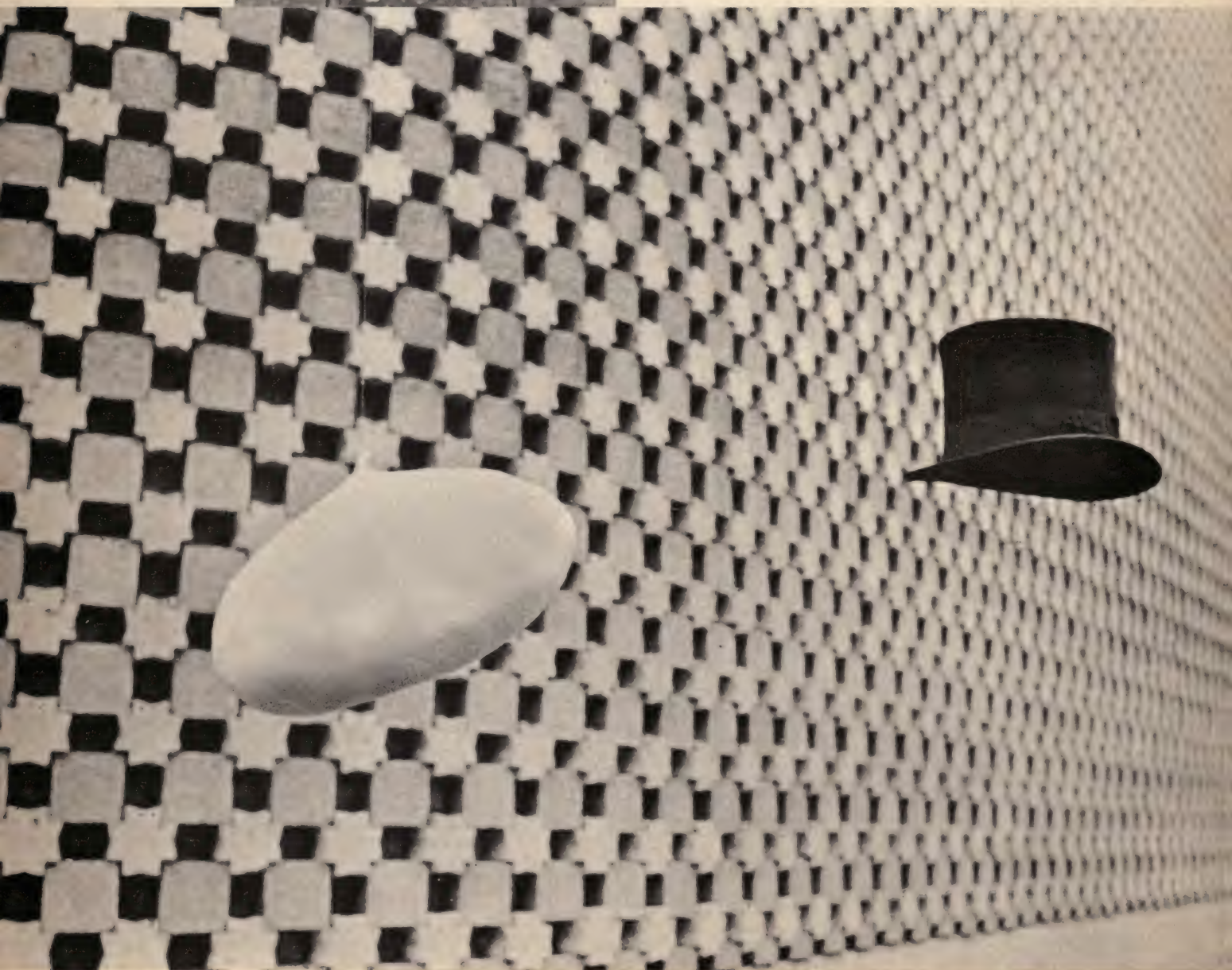
The girls who end up as prostitutes therefore are either too stupid or too beset by psychological difficulties to do anything else. None of them are going to be much help to the sensitive young man struggling to unchain his gift. The American prostitute, clearly, is a myth. She exists in small numbers, men rarely use her, and they hardly ever become friendly with her. She won't let them; and besides, they wouldn't like her very much if they did. Dear Earth-mother, hail and farewell.



pictorial humor



M A D H A T T E R Y





He asked to hold my hand,
I seriously objected.
I knew the feeling was grand,
But I might not be respected.

He asked me for a hug,
I seriously objected.
I knew the feeling was snug,
But I might not be respected.

He asked me for a kiss,
I seriously objected.
I knew the feeling was bliss,
But I might not be respected.

Now I'm old and gray,
My love I have rejected.
They call me an old maid,
But by heck I am respected.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY TAKAO KAJIWARA/PIP

NEW VOICES IN JAZZ



The ladies... bless'em... are springing some swinging new singing

There is a whole new crop of lady jazz vocalists who warrant much more consideration than they've been receiving, because their work is, in some cases at least, much nearer to the spirit of jazz than is that of their better-known contemporaries. After all, Ella Fitzgerald and Peggy Lee are actually superb *pop* singers whose influence on other voices is pervasive. Chris Connor and June Christy are so thoroughly infected with the Anita O'Day approach that one must question their standing as individually-oriented singing personalities.

Now, let's move on to some of the newer names. Nancy Harrow is "somethin' else," both as regards the jazz term and the sense that she eschews all of the tricks that pass for today's jazz singing. She belts like an exuberant Mildred Bailey, yet has a Lee Wiley-like poignancy that's all her own. Her first recording venture (*Wild Women Don't Have the Blues*, Candid 8008) reveals a modern-day freshness of approach combined with an "I was there" understanding of old-time tunes such as Count Basie's "Take Me Back, Baby" and Duke Ellington's "I Don't Know What Kind of Blues I've Got." As Buck Clayton said wonderingly at the record date, "Where did that girl come from? I didn't think singers like that were around any more."

Oddly enough, Nancy's a Bennington graduate. Noting that fact, *Washington Post & Times-Herald* jazz critic Tony Gieske stated, also with a bit of wonderment, "I say we've got a rare thing here—a woman who has overcome culture and made grand what's common to us all. I think that's what they call art."

One might begin to suspect that there's a jazz "underground" at posh East Coast women's colleges, because not only Bennington but Radcliffe has produced an accomplished jazz vocalist. Barbara Lea approaches jazz singing much as



LEFT: TERI THORNTON. ABOVE: BEV KELLY



Nancy Harrow does. Her style is clear, clean and uncluttered, with a definite allegiance to the pre-forties style where the voice wailed like a jazz instrument.

Barbara was named by *Down Beat* as the best new female jazz singer of 1958, but curiously enough, it didn't seem to help her career much. Although she has continued to sing whenever and wherever she can, it's been a scuffle. Currently, she's working as an actress. She's won two movie credits already and has played in a number of stock productions. It's possible she may kick jazz singing eventually and concentrate on developing her acting—but the theater's gain will be a serious loss to jazz.

Nina Simone is, by her own declaration, an individualist. She walks out on night club audiences if she thinks they aren't listening closely enough, and firmly maintains her integrity.

All of this doesn't make her a jazz vocalist, however, but she is clearly a singer of unusually rich talent. "Children, Go Where I Send You" (from her Colpix LP, *The Amazing Nina Simone*, CP 407) reveals her

insight into the soul of the Negro spiritual.

Sometimes combining a fleet piano backing to her own numbers, she occasionally evinces a deep and abiding awareness of jazz. Vocally, her "Stomp'n' at the Savoy" will attest to this. Fortunately, she has a range of material far surpassing that of most of her compeers, so that one should be prepared for anything in the way of a surprise when she starts to sing.

There are purists who will deny vehemently that Ann-Margret Olson deserves mention in an article about the new girl jazz singers—and they may well be right. To these ears, however, this Swedish lovely has absorbed and developed a concept of interpretation that puts her in that gray area between pop and jazz, which Ella Fitzgerald has been mining so successfully since 1935.

Not that Ann-Margret is another Ella—far from it. Her attempts at a drawl on "Kansas City" sound more like Elvis Presley than anything else, but at least she has a way with emphasis that is worthy of

the top singers around today. And there are several moments on her LP (*And Here She Is*, RCA Victor 2399) which suggest both an intelligence and a sensuality that could develop in parallel lines to make her a singer deserving of more attention, whether in jazz or popular music.

Teri Thornton may well be "the" new jazz singer of our time. This is a girl with a big, loving, confident voice, one that has been schooled in scores of clubs throughout the Midwest. She has courage, too. Who else would undertake to cut Billie Holiday's last composition, "Left Alone," on her first LP (*Devil May Care*, Riverside 352)? What's more, she pulled it off successfully.

Teri has a voice nearer to a jazz instrument than just about any singer in memory, save, perhaps, the Sarah Vaughan of the early forties. It's rich, vibrant, sensitive and alert to the subtleties of a lyric. She has that indefinable something called "presence," both personally and on her LP. Most important, she's a great jazz voice.

Clockwise from
extreme left:
Abbey Lincoln,
Barbara Lee,
Ann-Margret Olson,
Nancy Harrow,
Nancy Wilson.



Despite an unnerving similarity to the constricted tonal approach of Anita O'Day, Bev Kelly has an urgency and a projection that few singers possess. Perhaps she's too much a "musician's singer"—although actually that's a very high tribute. She clearly appreciates what the band is doing for her, as is evident on her LP (*Bev Kelly in Person*, Riverside 345).

She has a taut, gutty voice, in the sense that she sings with guts rather than the whiskey huskiness of certain older singers. Most of all, she is intensely personal, and this is that

rare quality that so many others lack. It's not surprising to learn of the loyal following she has built in the last two years at San Francisco's Coffee Gallery. This is an already mature vocalist in the best of the jazz tradition, even if she is a bit too derivative of the O'Day-Connor-Christy style.

Lurlean Hunter does not qualify, strictly speaking, as a "new" jazz singer. She's been on the Chicago scene for about a decade, but her reputation as a first-rate vocalist is at last starting to spread out from the Windy City. Her sound is sophisti-

cated, the product of a good many years of work in nighteries, but it's a significant one. Like Bev Kelly and Carmen McRae, just to name two, she has a hard core of dedicated fans who recognize her undeniable talents.

Basically, she swings—and that is the ultimate jazz tribute. On her 1958 Vik LP (*Night Life*, LX-1061), she shows taste in her selection of material, and a sure sense of the beat. Her awareness of a lyric's meaning is particularly vivid on "Moondrift," a little-known Sammy Cahn tune, and on the Burke-Van Heusen gem, "Like Someone in Love." Apart from an occasional tendency toward brassiness, Lurlean moves sure-footedly through the fields of melody.

As the Basie arranger, Ernie Wilkins, summed it up, "She can really become the greatest ever."

It's a shame to hear what Lorez Alexandria let them do to her on her most recent record date—that is, if "they" are to be held fully responsible. Because fragments of *Sing No Sad Songs for Me* (Argo LP 682) show hints of a sizable talent, especially on "I'll Remember April" and "They Can't Take That Away From Me."

This gal knows what she's doing, but when she sings junk, it hurts to hear it. She's aware of Dinah Washington—what singer isn't?—but she's worked to develop a style of her own, and it's one that could be a valuable contribution to jazz vocalizing. Lorez has a marvelous sense of time and a free-swinging freedom of expression that bursts its bonds every now and then, with truly gratifying results.

Beverly Kenney died tragically last year in Greenwich Village after years

of trying to catch the brass ring of success. She was, potentially, a major talent, as at least one of her Roost LPs indicates (*Beverly Kenney*, LP 2218).

Even today, she's worth a careful listening. The delicacy of her "I Never Has Seen Snow" from the Capote-Arlen musical *House of Flowers* is matched by her vigor on Carmichael's "Old Buttermilk Sky."

Nancy Wilson has one serious problem: she doesn't sound like she really remembers last summer when she sings "The Things We Did Last Summer" (from her new LP, *The Swingin's Mutual!* Capital 1524). You wonder, too, what Dinah Washington thinks of Miss Wilson's "The Nearness of You." The mannerisms of one are there, but the feeling of neither. On the credit side, Nancy has a fluidity and ease which mark her a professional. And her rhythmic ear is used to advantage with small groups, such as George Shearing's, which accompanies her on the above-mentioned package.

Gloria Lynne is one of those youngsters who's always on the border of jazz—but she hasn't yet shown the right passport. When she squirms into "The Jazz in You," (*This Little Boy of Mine*, Everest 5131), you can only breathe a heart-felt "Yeah!" But the histrionic "Impossible" and the mawkish "Condemned without Trial" tend to drive the jazz grail-seeker away.

Gloria rescues herself from the limbo of non-communication with a vital version of "Getting to Know You." But, for the jazz epicure, getting to know Gloria's aims as a singer is a real problem.

Perhaps the most startling self-transformation worked on a vocalist in the past decade has been achieved by Abbey Lincoln. Originally a top star at the big, plush pubs, she suddenly decided to chuck it all and try to make it in the jazz field. She hasn't succeeded yet, and may never, because her voice demands a particularly keen and sympathetic audience.

You're reminded at once of Kay Davis and Joya Sherrill of the 1940 Duke Ellington organization, but there is a tearing, plunging quality that marks Abbey as a very separate entity. Her impact is sudden and often shocking, as can be felt on her Candid LP, *Straight Ahead* (C 8015), but much more spectacularly

on Max Roach's *We Insist!!* (C 8002). Her "Driva' Man" is a searing indictment of white inhumanity that demands attention, the kind of reaction to past injustices that can only be partly expressed in words.

Her voice has beauty within harshness, an occasional tenderness within tension. Abbey Lincoln is, in effect, a herald of the coming world.

Housewives who double as singers are no longer a rarity. But Kitty White has a sound that few homebodies possess. Accurately speaking, it's way over on the edge of jazz, but it's definitely worth a hearing.

Her Pacific LP (*A Moment of Love*, P 2000) also features the jazz flute of Bud Shank and the non-jazz harp of Corky Hale. It's the result of a taping at a party that Corky threw for Terry Pollard, the girl pianist who was then the hit of the Terry Gibbs Quartet. Its moments of jazz are very few, but Miss White at least shows off the most beautiful set of tonsils on the West Coast.

Now, the question arises, as indeed it should, is there a trend discernible in the "new breed" of lady jazz singers? Or can they be called a "new breed" at all?

The world of jazz is a strange one, where major forces often aren't spotted until they've practically left the scene. One need only recall the then-strange choruses that Charlie Parker was blowing in the Jay McShann band in the late thirties or the way-out chords Charlie Christian was playing in the same era—and yet only a few astute musicians and fans of the time recognized their far-reaching implications in jazz.

So, too, it may be for a few of the current jazz singers.

Barbara Lea and Nancy Harrow would seem to represent an amalgamation of a now almost-forgotten jazz vocal style, the clean, clear, belting of Mildred Bailey, Helen Humes, Maxine Sullivan and, perhaps, Lee Wiley. The fact that this style persists indicates that this stream in jazz is still flowing strongly.

A second area is represented by the O'Day-Christy-Connor tradition, being carried notably by Bev Kelly, just to name one. As some critics have pointed out, the tortured, twisted convolutions of this style are unpleasant and even distasteful to certain listeners.

But there can be no denying that

Anita O'Day brought to jazz a lot she had absorbed from Billie Holiday, whom no critic has dared to call less than the premiere jazz singer of her time. Anita's extension of the sound and the technique followed Billie's belief in the voice as a thoroughly legitimate jazz horn. As such, the style has validity and even moments of real beauty.

The experiments of Annie Ross with her voice being scored, as it were, with lyrics being sung as if they were up-tempo improvisations of a jazz horn, have proved eminently successful with record buyers. As Billie Holiday is once supposed to have said, "I try to sing like Louis Armstrong plays." That may be the best summation yet of what some of today's better jazz singers are doing—and will always try to do.

Another direction has been pointed out by the impact of Dinah Washington. Della Reese, Gloria Lynne, Lorez Alexandria and Nancy Wilson are just a few who are carrying forward Miss Washington's approval. Although one might well question how well they're doing it, it's a style that is still evolving in jazz singing.

Still another phase of the future may be indicated by the rise of highly individual vocalists, people such as Teri Thornton, Abbey Lincoln, Lurlean Hunter and the late Beverly Kenney. Each has developed her own unique way of "seeing" a song, of truly feeling and expressing the meaning of the lyrics. Whether they will make it to the top is something else, but the point is that they're trying desperately to be themselves. As trumpeter Kenny Dorham recently stated, "If you can't be yourself in jazz, you'd better get out of it." Such singers offer the best hope for the future of jazz singing.

It could easily be argued that there has been no truly significant jazz since Billy Holiday. But a few of the new voices show at least a modicum of jazz talent. It offers the possibility that there will be at least one or two worth following closely in the sixties and seventies.

In any case, giants are not easily displaced. What is interesting is that some of us are finding merit in the newer jazz sounds. Somewhere—there may just possibly be another jazz voice with the power and soul of a Bessie, a Lady Day or a Ma Rainey.



BEDLAM!

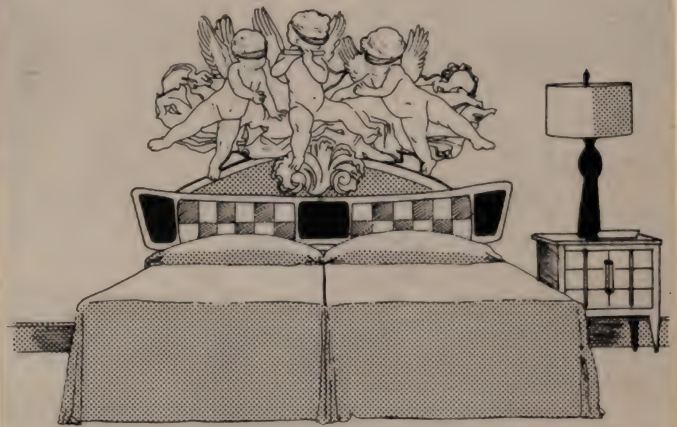
A catalogue
of better beds
for better bundling.

*Improve your mating by redecorating your bedroom
with one of Bedlam's popular period pieces*

humor . . . HOWARD KANDEL



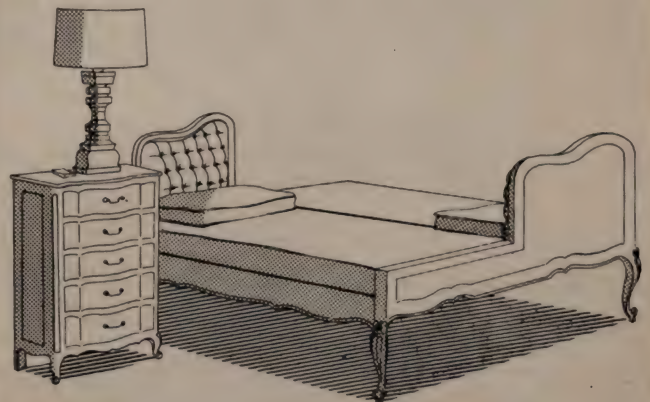
One evening, Louis XV visited his bedridden DuBarry who was ill with whooping cough. Struck with inspiration from her vibrations, he summoned his master craftsman and they thereupon created ROCKOCO.



The couple who are the oddest is the girl who is overly modest. But her guy isn't shy and likes flair in his lair. BASHFUL BAROQUE is a neat compromise. He loves her but covers up everyone else's eyes.



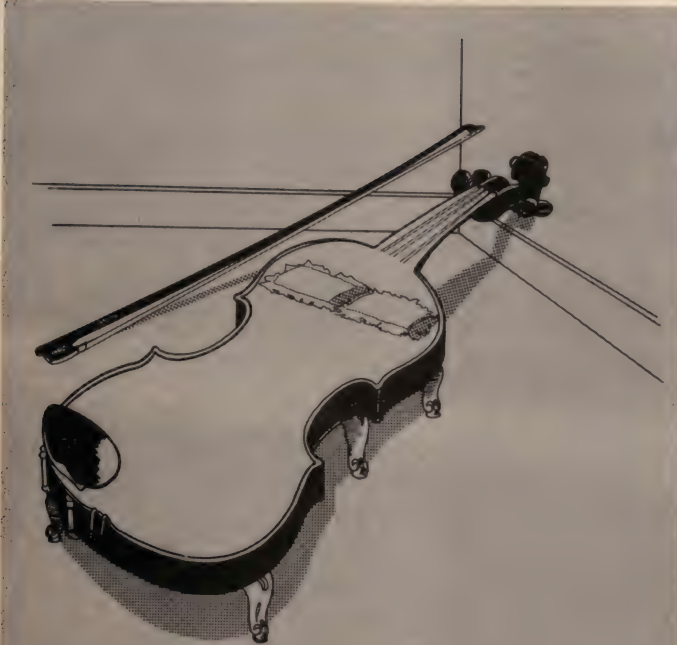
If she wants something arty, you've got it made with FREE FORM MODERN. It's definitely not for squares.



FRENCH PROVIDENTIAL is for the couple who don't like sleeping face-to-face and are too lazy to shift for themselves.

For those who like to make beautiful music together

From Howard Kandel's forthcoming book, **BEDLAM, INC.**



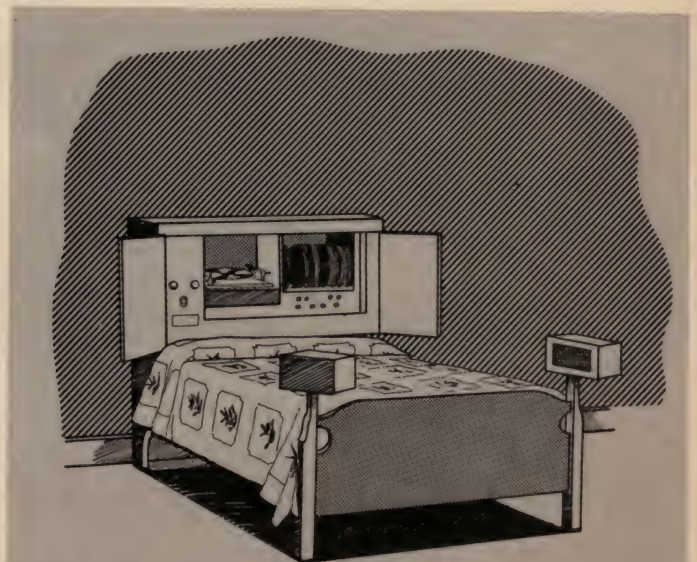
With this fiddle, you can play both ends against the middle. To strike all the right chords, with no strings attached, tune up on **THE VIRTUOSO**.



Even a simple folk tune requires perfect harmony on **THE SQUEEZE BOX**. Practice often and earn extra money at weddings and meat market openings.

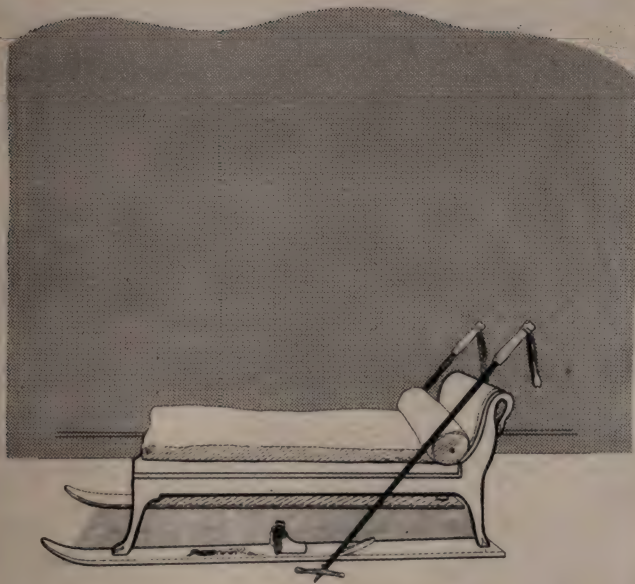


When the bagpiper wails, your bonnie lassie will feel no guilt as she tilts her kilts upon the quilt of **THE HIGHLAND FLING**.

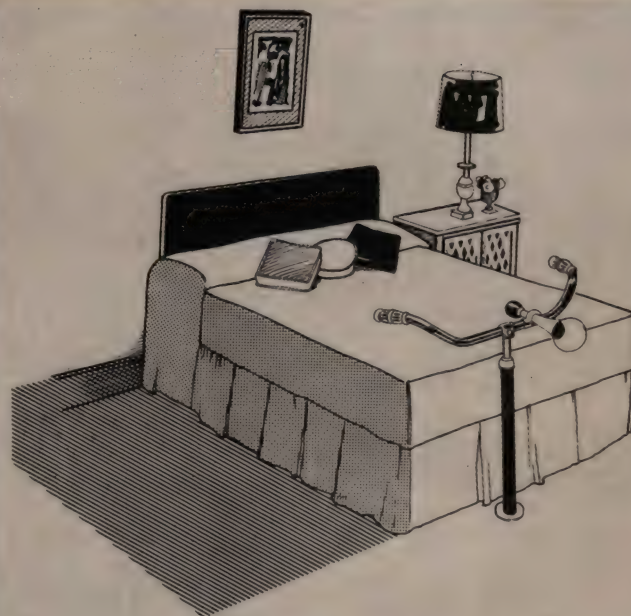


Hi-Fi bugs! Do you need musical accompaniment? You'll be stimulated in **THE STEREOROTIC**. Give your woofer a tweet with a variety of records ranging from Flamenco to Fox Trots.

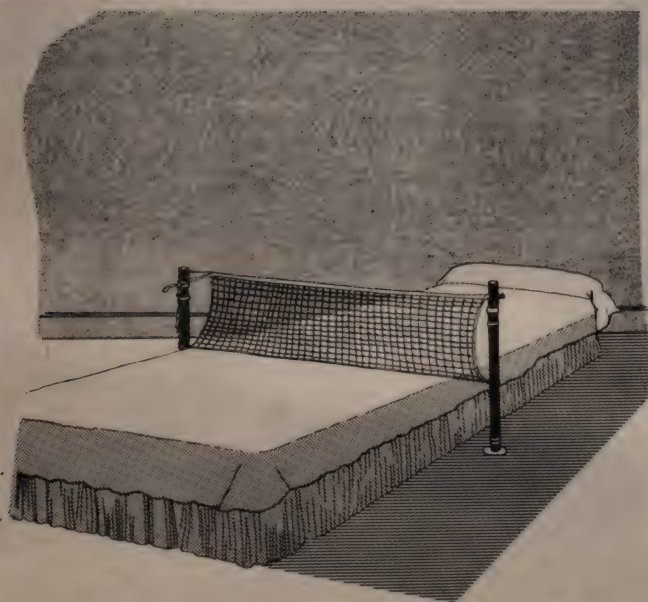
Bedwarmers for the sporting set



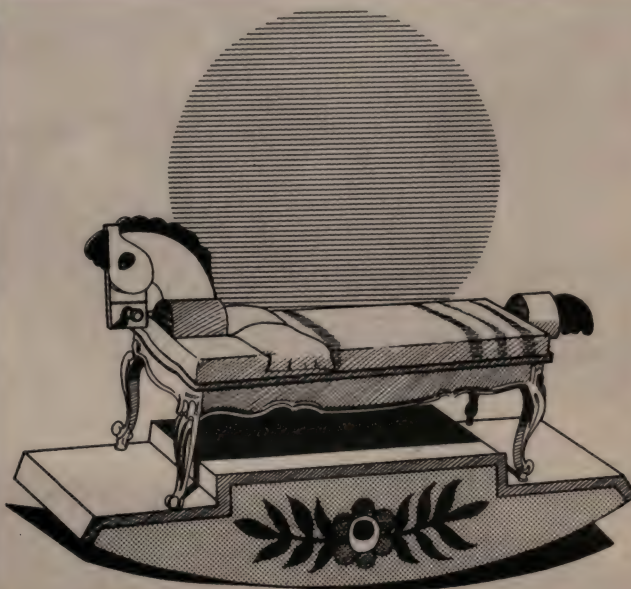
You're not getting a snow job with THE SKI LIFTER. We guarantee you'll be King of the Mountain, if you have a wife who understands you.



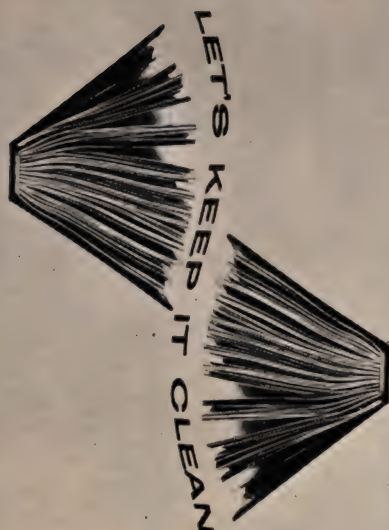
Caution: You shouldn't ride your bride on the handlebars of THE PEDDLE PUSHER. It comes with a honking horn but Bedlam, Inc. will gladly substitute a bell or siren upon request.



When you jump the net to congratulate the winner, "Love" is high score on THE TENNIS COURTER. Remember, it's not winning, but how you play the game that counts.



Racing fans! If your filly likes to horse around, buy her THE THOROUGHBED.



Why take a chance of losing
one priceless copy of **THE DUDE**?
This sturdy binder holds
two years of your favorite reading
matter. The name of
The **DUDE** is stamped on the
binder in gold leaf.



only
\$3.00 **THE DUDE** dept. 1/53
505 Eighth Ave., New York 18, N.Y.
CASH, CHECK, OR MONEY ORDER

**VOTED THE OUTSTANDING
ADULT PARTY NOVELTY
OF THE YEAR!**



He's reversible,
see why they
call him

PETER rabbit

only \$3.95 P. O. Box 846, Palm Beach, Fla.
A PERFECT GIFT FOR HIM OR HER



FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME!

Free English Assignment

No classes to attend. Easy spare-time training at home covers big choice of subjects. Many complete high school in two years. Friendly instructors; standard texts. Full credit for previous schooling. Diploma awarded. If you have left school and are 17 or over, write for **FREE** catalog!

Accredited Member, National Home Study Council

Wayne School

A Correspondence Institution
417 So. Dearborn, Dept. 13-506 Chicago 5, Ill.

LOVING GAS

(Continued from page 35)

we are not disturbed. Ask the nurse not to come in before I call her."

If Melinda Morell was a tramp, she was a beautiful tramp. The heart-shaped face, those intense but innocent-seeming eyes, the full-lipped mouth; the creamy symmetry, excused a multitude of sins, one of those sins being her callous disregard for the feelings of those she considered her inferiors, such as anyone with less than three million bucks, or this hound-like medic who stood gawping at her.

"Say it an' split."

Making an excuse to count the tablets by the bedside, Percy removed his thumb from the test-tube in his pocket. For perhaps half a minute there was no effect. Then, the creamy bosom heaved, the 3-D Mister-Vision head was thrown back and the innocent eyes half-closed. Melinda's hand reached up to him.

"What's your first name, Doc?"

"Percy."

"Ya know, Percy, I'm glad you replaced that old goat Hargreaves. I think you're going to do me—a lot of good."

Next moment Melinda had pulled him down with a powerful jerk. He was trying to reply with his face full of that ample and expensive bosom. A realist, he soon gave up the effort to talk and bent himself to the job in hand.

Annette Chalmers, she of the red beehive, flipped the last page of Percy Colquhoun's notes and put slender, acid-stained fingertips to her frown. W-h-a-t t-h-e h-e-l-l . . . something nagged at the back of her thoughts and resisted observation. She turned back to page 5 of the notes.

As constituted at present, Percy's endocrine gas increased a female's femininity with such a rush that—well, she had had personal experience of that one. But, somewhere along the line of formulae, she felt, the theory was begging the question . . . it lacked stability. *Stability*, damnit, or rather instability. She breathed the words: the instability factor.

Annette Chalmers hurried to her bench and flicked through a reference book. There—and there—two of the chemicals in Percy's concoction lost potency in the unrefrigerated state—say, ten per cent per week—how long was it since you-know-what?

Nearly five weeks? Phew, that meant that any day now the gas would reach half-strength and—she spent a minute or two figuring—*would then start falling below the female pH, or threshold . . . and . . . when that happened . . .*

This time she scribbled for several minutes.

"Oh, yowee," she breathed at last. "*Below the feminine threshold the modified gas will transfer its effect to men. Men!*"

The beautiful Miss Chalmers smiled, reflecting the images that flitted nymph-like through her mind. She really ought to warn old dog-face of the possible outcome if he continued to misapply his discovery. But he *had* taken an unfair advantage of her. And this experiment promised fascinating developments.

No, on second thoughts, Miss Chalmers did not feel entitled to break it up just yet.

His thumb clamped over the test-tube in his right pocket, Percy Colquhoun approached the door to Private Room 9. A week had elapsed since Percy first began Melinda Morell's relaxing exercises. While Percy did not feel sated with the ravishing Melinda's charms, he did feel a well-fed lassitude. He remembered in his youth how wonderful he thought it would be to eat prime steak every day, with taste-buds satisfied as well as belly. Good old Melinda. The familiarity made him smile. Only eight days ago she had been an unattainable dream-image, remote even while intimate on the wide screen, and now—now Percy had his eye on Melinda's successor, the new piece in physiotherapy.

Percy frowned. The gas was taking longer to work these days, and he did not know the reason. At least half a minute, possibly more. He'd have to check on the stability of the chemicals. Surprising how that had escaped him. Excitement, no doubt.

Percy nodded to the two detectives, tapped on the door and went in. Melinda's husband was there, larger even than the frequent pictures of him in the tabloids indicated. There was something incongruous about the sheer size of his tailoring. With the skill of a classic sculptor, Wally Macquereau's tailor had molded and fined the cloth to the slab-like muscles. Lip-service had been paid to Sartor, but the beast was loose in Fifth Avenue dress.

1.



2



3



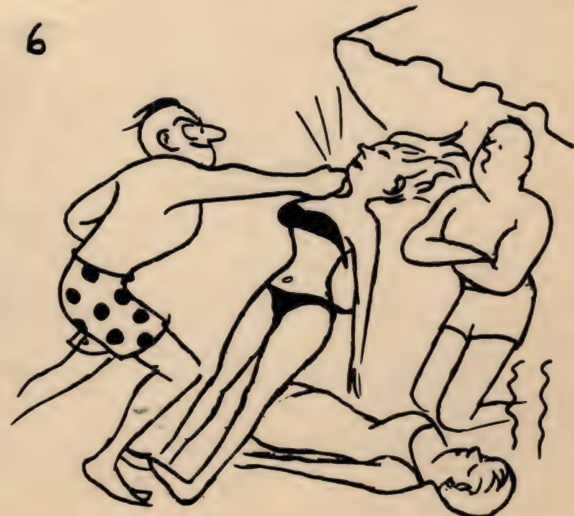
4



5



6



Gaucho
THE DUDE

IDEAL GIFT FOR THE MAN WHO HAS HAD EVERYTHING!

Capture the big excitement of the world's greatest hunt with your own



Mammalia Americana



New trophy room conversation piece to illustrate the high points of your best adventure story. Genuine, full size, life-like sculpture is warmly tinted in nature's own colors. Mounted on 12x10" maple plaque with its own descriptive nameplate. A "must"

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back

Only \$5.95 postpaid, cash or money order to: DEPT. D

NERKIN CO. • P.O. Box 295 • St. Louis, Mo.



PUTTING YOU ON...

THE DUDE/GENT COLLEGIATE COUNCIL. A LETTER, WIRE OR SMOKE SIGNAL FROM YOU... AND YOU'RE ON—THE GROWING AND SELECT GROUP OF DUDE/GENT CAMPUS REPS. STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES ON CAMPUS ARE ENJOYING EXTRA LOOT FROM OUR SALES PROMOTION AND MERCHANDISING PROGRAMS. INTERESTED? LIKE THE MAN SAID... WRITE, WIRE OR SEND A SMOKE SIGNAL TO

DEE SMITH,
DUDE/GENT MAGAZINES
505 EIGHTH AVE.,
NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

N. B: FUSTEST WITH THE MOST-EST! ONE CAMPUS REP PER CAMPUS. END OF NOTE! D. S.

Wally's head was handsome, the way a lion's head is handsome. The blonde flax of his hair was common both to King Leo and to a section of the French aristocracy. It was Wally's hands, massy as those on a British beer poster, that decided Percy to beat a retreat. Melinda and her mighty spouse were hammer and tongs in a family squabble.

"So sorry," Percy muttered, and began to back out.

"No, *docteur*, you may stay. I go in some minutes only. You silly bitch—" this latter addressed to Melinda—"in affairs of the 'eart you are like the, 'ow is 'e called; garbage collector. If you collect men I do not object. But garbage, no. This is an affront to my *honneur*."

Melinda yawned over a pile of glossy magazines.

"Aw, crud," she said. "Joey was a right guy. You ain't no husband. You're just a big bouncer."

"*Docteur*, come 'ere, please," Wally fumed. "Regard this—this fem-ale."

Wally's fingers were agonizing ribs of steel on Percy's arm. Involuntarily, Percy's fingers clawed tight and the test-tube splintered in his pocket. Suddenly, fear was a vacuum in his stomach. If the gas reached Melinda

while her husband was there... ough. What would she do? Would she have sufficient native cunning to direct the urge towards her husband, or would habit turn her towards him, Percy?

Percy shuddered. Joey Gorgonzola had been dropped head first from a window into a flower bed six feet below. Private Room 9 is on the second floor of Paulfield General and looks down on a neat concrete quadrangle.

"Ow, I ask you, *docteur*," Wally was saying, "can such a female expect to be 'appy? She 'as everything. She 'as me, Wally Macquereau. But she misses 'er garbage."

Frantically, Percy searched Melinda's face for its customary change from boredom to passion. Nothing happened. So intent was he that he did not at once notice the changing quality of Wally's grip on his arm. The fingers searched his biceps gently, inquisitively.

"Really, Mr. Macquereau, I have no wish to pry into your private affairs."

"Chicken!" Melinda snapped spitefully.

Percy began to back up. Wally followed, retaining his grip on Percy's arm. Suddenly, with a dry sense of foreboding, Percy saw the expression on the strongman's face and groped to understand the changed tone of voice.

"Yours is a great profession, *mon cher docteur*, you bring relief and comfort to so many."

Wally steered him out into the corridor, still firmly holding his arm.

"You are a man *très sympathique*, *docteur*. I 'ave much to thank you for. What is in this room?"

The two private investigators had got to their feet and one of them answered the question.

"It's another private room, sir. But empty."

"I really must go now, Mr. Macquereau. I can't say how much I've enjoyed your—"

Astonished, the two investigators watched as Melinda Morell's giant husband steered the unwilling Percy into the empty room.

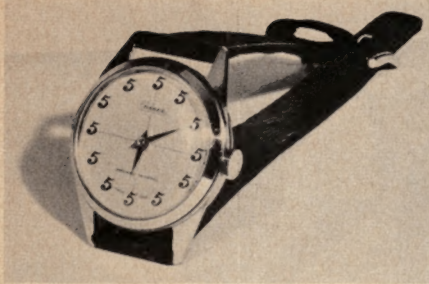
The investigators looked at each other undecidedly. Then they sat down again in their chairs. The big man was paying them a hundred a day each to sit and smoke. For that kind of money, who wanted to investigate?



THE DUDE

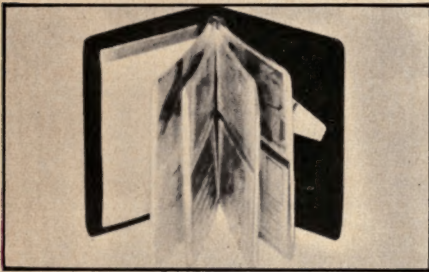


queen's
corner



toper's timekeeper

At last! The one watch worth consulting! Any time of day—and it's scrupulously accurate as to minutes—it tells you the hour is five o'clock, just time for that swift one. Fooling aside (who's fooling?), it has a Swiss-made jeweled movement, shockproof and anti-magnetic. Worth far more than the asking price of . . . \$14.95.



credit card carrier

It has come to this: a collection of credit cards now weighs more than carrying money. Hence, the invention of this handsome card-toting case. Morocco-grained vinyl, it contains a memo pad (for listing your indiscretions), clear-view windows for cards and similar items. A handy thing for impressing headwaiters and her . . . \$1.95



zebra-skin wallet

You not being Hemingway or Ruark, this may be the closest you'll ever get to a zebra, because they're getting rarer and rarer. But headwaiters and maitre d's will bow you to the best table in the Cub Room when you flash a finnik from this beautifully-finished zebra-skin, goat-skin lined wallet. Not only impressive, it will last a lot longer than your money probably will. Limited supply, at only \$9.95, so order quick.



gurkha battle hat

You may never fight the bloomin' 'eathen for the Raj, but you can swagger with the best of them what did. This is the original, insigne-d, made-in-India headgear of the invincible Nepalese Gurkha mercenaries, and it's a distinctive hat for the sportsman, camper, hiker, etc. Specify size, please . . . \$6.95.



strike up the band

That first cigarette in the morning is medicinal, as we all know, but when you light one for her you want it to be something special. It is, when this little pocket-size symphony orchestra strikes up with "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." It plays the entire melody straight through, then stops. You take over from there . . . \$4.95.



special for "every day" men

Too bashful to spell out your intentions? This gift will not only tell her but impel her. Seven different-colored, beautifully embroidered panties for the seven days of the week. Even if she could resist the telltale idea, those black ones for Saturday night should change her mind. And the filigree gift box can be used to house your thank-you diamonds. Only \$6.95.



bombay taxi horn

Whether you drive an Aston-Martin or one of Happy Harry's rejects, you can add flair and blare with this genuine Bombay Taxi Horn. Not only does its graceful curl look good on the bonnet of your bus, its ear-splitting hoot will move even a traffic cop out of your way. Nickel on brass, easily attached . . . \$14.95.



grand piano compact

Grand piano for a grand girl. You don't care, of course, but it contains everything she needs to put her best face forward—powder, puff, etc. What's more, she can set it on her dressing table or fold its legs to fit her purse. And every time she opens it, a Swiss music box plays "our song." A sure way to impress her for only a measly \$29.95.



song for a cig

Chances are you'll serve your freeloading guests something cheaper, but they'll still be impressed by the sight of an Ambassador Scotch decanter on your bar. They'll also be surprised when they grab for it and discover that it contains your guest-cigarette supply—but they won't be too disappointed, because the moment it's opened it serenades them with Cole Porter's "It's Delicious." . . . \$12.95.

The Dude Magazine, 505 Eighth Ave., New York 18, New York

1/63

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

— SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER —

_____ toper's timekeeper
_____ credit card carrier
_____ zebra-skin wallet

_____ gurkha battle hat
_____ strike up the band
_____ special for "every day" men

_____ bombay taxi horn
_____ grand piano compact
_____ song for a cig

EROS

A NEW QUARTERLY ON THE JOY OF LOVE

EROS is a new magazine devoted to love in its every manifestation. It is a sophisticated quarterly for intelligent and educated readers. It is an elegant magazine bound in book form to be kept as a thing of beauty and a joy forever. EROS is printed as no periodical has ever before been printed. It closely resembles the most expensive of limited edition volumes (which, in a sense, EROS is since it is printed in an edition of only 75,000 copies). It carries *no* advertising.

EROS is a child of its times. Like *Time*, *Life*, *The New Yorker*, the *Reader's Digest* and every other magazine of importance, it is the result of a particular set of circumstances and conditions that existed at a particular time. EROS is the result of recent court decisions that have realistically interpreted America's obscenity laws and that have given to this country a new breadth of freedom of expression. We refer to decisions which have enabled the publication of such heretofore suppressed masterworks as "Lady Chatterley's Lover."

EROS takes full advantage of this new freedom of expression. It is *the* magazine of sexual candor.

Perhaps the best way to describe EROS is to give you a glimpse of its contents. Its first few issues include such features as the following:

* * *

Madam Tellier's Brothel

A new, uncensored translation of DeMau-passant's classic short story illustrated by a set of Edgar Degas monotypes of prostitutes that have never been seen before in this country.

U.S. Patent #587,994

A schematic drawing for a male chastity belt which was once granted the protection of the United States Government.

"1601" by Mark Twain

The complete text of this long-suppressed

masterpiece of which Twain himself once said, "If there is a decent word findable in it, it is because I overlooked it."

The Devil as a Phallic Symbol

A gallery of portraits of old Beelzebub as he has been envisioned through history, with sprightly commentary by England's leading authority on phallic symbolism.

Women on Playing Cards

A collection reprinted from "Geschichte der erotischen kunst," Eduard Fuchs' great opus on erotic art.

"The Lovers"

A full-page, full-color reproduction of Paul Veronese's great erotic masterpiece. Reproduction of such masterpieces of erotic art will be a regular feature of EROS and will include the unknown or long-suppressed work of such masters as Raphael, Rubens, Tintoretto, Titian, Rembrandt, Michelangelo, Beardsley, Hogarth and Toulouse-Lautrec.



The Private Parts of the Public Library

A survey of the "Hell Room," "Treasure Room," "Delta Collection," "Cherry Case" and other collections of erotic literature in American public institutions which are paid for by the public but which are prohibited to its use.

The Cigarette Nude

A collection of photographs that used to be considered as essential to a pack of cigarettes as tobacco. That is, until women began to smoke.

The Fighting Men's Ladies

A nostalgic look back, in full color, at pictures of women which adorned World War II planes, tanks and trucks.

Havana's Red-Light District Under Castro

A report on the effect that communism,

currency reform and scarcity of American tourists have had upon the Western Hemisphere's most notorious tenderloin.

Manhood Restoratives

A collection of advertisements from late 19th century American periodicals which describe the symptoms of sexual excess and which will either leave you rollicking or panicking.

Free Love in Russia

A psychiatrist, recently returned after six months in the Soviet Union, reports on differences between Russian and American sex attitudes and behavior, illustrated by a collection of Russian pin-ups that will astound you.

The Love Lives of Pirates

The fruit of years of patient research by a French scholar, this fascinating study describes the fates of noblewomen kidnapped on the high seas. Portions of diaries are reproduced.

From the Mailbag of Miss Universe

A selection of ardent and pathetic letters from infatuated males the world over.

The Male Prostitutes of Bombay

Full-color photographs of professional perverts who dress like women.



Polygamy as Still Practised in the U.S.

An anthropologist, whose sparkling wit and style mark him as one of the country's finest science writers, interviews a number of polygamous families in Utah, Arizona and Nevada.



From a 19th Century Aphrodisiac Book

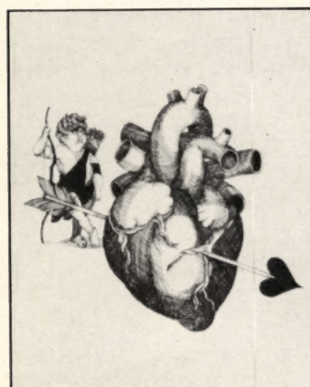
A selection of amusing recipes with descriptions of the results they were supposed to have effected.

Vice in Old New York

A guided tour of the quarters of sin that pock-marked "New Sodom," as the city was called in Victorian times. Included are visits to the Cremorne where girls danced the Can-Can without undergarments, the House of All Nations where the ceilings were mirrored and the Union where nude women publicly made love to men and/or beasts.

Love Making Can Kill You

An examination of the effects of love making on the heart.



The Automobile as Sex Symbol

A learned professor, who is anything but a pedant, discourses upon the subconscious motivation behind your choice of car and the way you drive it.

Japanese Pillow Books as Art Works

A sublimely beautiful portfolio of pages taken from the legendary love-making manuals which are passed down through generations of mothers and daughters in the wealthier families of Japan.

The President's Daughter

The story of a book suppressed during the 1920's in which Miss Nan Britton purported to give an account of her six-and-a-half-year-long relationship with Warren G. Harding that culminated in the birth of a daughter out of wedlock.

The Memoirs of a Stripper

One of America's lesser-known shedders of investiture sheds light on her love life and the love lives of strippers she has known in a surprisingly literate document that is as astonishing for its matter-of-factness as for its sociological content.



The Contraceptive Industry

A review, in the manner of Fortune Magazine, of one of America's least known but most lucrative businesses.

Slave Owners and Negro Concubines

A fascinating and little-known chapter of ante-bellum history.

Dr. Theodor Reik on Erotomania

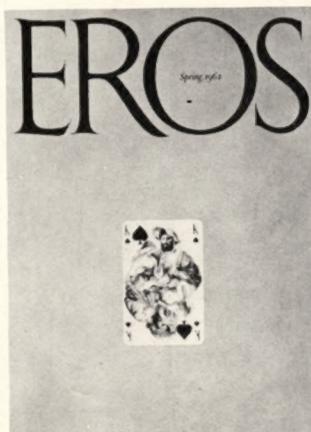
Cases of insatiable sexual passion described and analyzed by one of the world's greatest living psychoanalysts.

The Wedding Band Throughout History

One of the loveliest full-color spreads on jewelry ever to grace the printed page.

Love in the Subway

A monumental photographic essay by Garry Winogrand.



IN summation, then, EROS is the mirror of love in the *beaux-arts* and *belles-lettres* of all mankind. It is not bound by formulae or fig-leaved by censors.

Its artists, writers and re-writers include the world's most talented. At its helm is Ralph Ginzburg, former Articles Editor of Esquire, editorial director of The Olive Branch Press, authority on American morals, contributor to such magazines as Harper's, the Reader's Digest and Look, and author of the best-seller, "An Unhurried View of Erotica."

As you may have gleaned, EROS is a lavish editorial package. It is rich in color reproduction, surprising in typographical ingenuity and exceptional in its graphic art. It is printed by letter-press, offset and gravure both here and abroad on the finest coated and antique papers. As we have said, it is case-bound in hard covers. EROS is the most glorious magazine in world history.

Editorial packages like EROS are expensive to produce. Yet, because EROS is being offered only on a subscription basis (with the attendant economies of precise print orders and total sales), it costs much less than you might imagine.

Though resembling handsome art books that sell in bookstores for \$30 and \$35 each, a whole year's subscription to EROS—four quarterly issues—sells for only \$25.

Moreover, Charter Subscribers—that is, those who enter their subscriptions before the first issue of EROS is completely sold out—are entitled to the *special Charter Subscription price of only \$19.50*, a price so low it can never be offered again. Charter Subscribers may also take advantage of certain other privileges, including: • The right to buy gift subscriptions for only \$19.50. • The right to renew their own subscriptions for \$19.50 ad infinitum, despite any subsequent price increases. • The right to have their subscriptions begin with Volume I, #1. *This is not to be taken lightly. The first issue of EROS is almost certain to become a collector's item.*

To enter your Charter Subscription and receive your first copy of EROS, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it together with \$19.50 for each Charter Subscription. We suggest you do it now. In the words of Richard E. Burton, "*Blessed is the wooing that is not long a doing.*"

Once Volume I, #1 of EROS is sold out, this offer is automatically cancelled and so is your chance to become a Charter Subscriber.

EROS 110 W. 40th Street, New York 18, New York

Enclosed please find \$19.50 for my Charter Subscription to EROS Quarterly. I understand that as a Charter Subscriber I am entitled to begin my subscription with Volume I, #1 and that I may renew my subscription indefinitely and purchase gift subscriptions at the same special price of only \$19.50 per year.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

D-1

(If ordering more than one subscription, please list additional names and addresses on separate sheet of paper.)

© 1962 EROS MAGAZINE, INC.



THE DUDE READER knows the pleasures of an intimacy shared, and shares the fun that comes from being intimate with far out fiction and fashions... incisive wit and satire...pictures that spring off the page. THE DUDE reader knows, in short, the very best of indoor living can be found only on the pages of the...



DUDE